The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, MARCH 14, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Keystone

"All We Do Is Sign the Pay-roll"—Washington Veterans Waiting to Fill Out Applications for Bonus Loans

The Veterans' "Gold Rush"

ZERO HOUR—2 A. M.

Out of the shadows emerges the figure of a man. He walks to the entrance of the huge stone building, silent and dark, and leans against the wall.

Nothing to do now but wait. That he doesn't mind, for he learned how thirteen years ago, when he was a soldier, when his country was calling him a hero. Yesterday, the men who make the laws decided that he should have a bonus loan, and he is here to get it.

Other figures appear out of the darkness and line up behind the first. Hours pass, daylight comes, the doors are unlocked. Hundreds are in line now, former doughboys, sailors, marines. In they march, to fill out application blanks for the money Congress has made available for them despite the President's veto. The "gold rush" is on.

This was in Washington, on February 28, the day after the Senate upset the veto. In a dozen other cities similar scenes were witnessed as thousands of veterans stormed the various offices to collect millions from the Government.

Five minutes after the Senate overruled the President the bonus-loan machinery began to click, we read. Next day the veterans turned out in force. Long lines formed. From the general population the soldiers and sailors of 1917-18 were being segregated. The country was getting a look at the men who had caused such an uproar in Congress.

Through the eyes of a dozen papers in as many cities one gets the impression that most of these bonus-loan "shock troops" were badly in need. Check No. 1 went to a Baltimore veteran, who said it would pay for an operation on his child.

New York sent more than 18,000 into line the first day. "For the most part," says the New York *Journal*, "these men were a tattered, needy lot"—

"Their clothes were bursting at the seams, their hats were dirty and ripped, their trousers bagged at the knees, their shoes bore the marks of many a day spent in tramping for work not to be had.

"Here and there was a likely looking chap with suit in press for all its shine from wear. A handful still had jobs, most of them with pay half that of a year ago, but these were few in the motley crowd."

AND this glimpse of the line is from the New York *Evening Post:*

"There's no marching outside the Veterans' Bureau, but the passage of a dozen years hasn't affected the capacity for waiting in line.

"Faces have less color and heads have less hair, but the old spirit of war comradeship reasserts itself when the veterans stand together waiting their turn for loans, just as they waited in line for mess three times a day for the duration of the war.

"Somebody starts whistling a snatch of 'Over There,' and the line takes it up, and the column echoes the cry of 'Who won the war?'"

BOSTON saw thousands rush to file applications on the first day, and "it was a mad scene that met the eye," says *The Evening Transcript.* "Men and women from all walks of life jammed the corridors and rooms, while clerks and cooperators worked at top speed. Priests, firemen, policemen, Boston Elevated employees, truck drivers, and laborers were included in the crowd."

Philadelphia witnessed a similar rush. "Some who left legs in France came on crutches," writes Andrew McClean Parker

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Wide World photograph

Over the Top with Pen and Ink

A few of the 18,000 New York veterans who charged the bonus loan trenches the first day.

of *The Record*. "Others hobbled up in old clothes, victims of unemployment. A few drove up in expensive cars."

Chicago heard 7,000 clamoring for the bonus loan on the first day, says the Chicago *Evening Post*, which adds that "a note of eagerness was evident, especially among the ex-service men whose financial plight was apparent by their unkempt appearance. Much of the gaiety was superficial and sponsored by the prospect of speedy relief of their pressing want."

Detroit veterans came in such throngs, we read in the Detroit *News*, that it was necessary to transfer the offices to an armory.

Baltimore applicants began gathering before dawn, we read in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, and—

"As the number of applicants increased many of them talked about what they intended to do with their loans. Some of them indicated they would buy clothes; others said that a well-stocked refrigerator would be their first consideration; still others admitted they had no immediate plans, but that they were taking no chances on having their loans held up."

St. Louis reported 7,000 applications filed in seven hours, and the first check, for a loan of $394.50, was made out to a chauffeur, who had brought his wife and four small children with him, we are told by *The Post-Dispatch*. Reading on:

"A *Post-Dispatch* reporter who talked to more than a score in the line found that only one had a job, and he was a salesman working on a commission.

"'I might as well spend my time playing marbles,' he remarked.

"One man exhibited a penny as his entire capital, another borrowed a dime for carfare home. All declared they would use the loans to pay off debts and buy necessities."

New Orleans veterans were not so hard-prest, it appears from an article in *The Times-Picayune:*

"A minority of the applicants, about one-third of whom were Negroes, appeared to be in financial distress. Many of the veterans, in discussing plans for disposing of the money, talked of reinvestment in homestead and other securities paying a higher interest, while some talked of betting or recouping losses on horse-races."

San Francisco headquarters was "a beehive of activity," says *The Chronicle*, "and employees worked at double speed accepting applications."

How much the veterans will borrow on their adjusted compensation certificates nobody knows, but the estimates run from $350,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. About 3,400,000 veterans are potential applicants, we read. As the average amount of their certificates is said to be $1,000, and Congress voted them the right to borrow up to fifty per cent. of the face value, $500 is the maximum obtainable for most of the veterans.

Altho he had fought passage of the bonus on the ground that it would do the veterans no good and inflict injury to the country as a whole, President Hoover was quick to call for all speed in issuing the loans. "Now that it is law," he said, "we propose to facilitate the working of it in every way possible." Because it will require months to fill all applications, he requested "complete priority" for veterans who are in need.

Anticipating the veto, Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Veterans' Bureau Administrator, had sent sealed orders to each of the fifty-four regional offices, the Washington dispatches tell us. As soon as Congress had acted, $17,500,000 was telegraphed to the offices to meet the first rush. Within an hour 500 checks had been mailed from Washington.

Papers that backed the bonus loan are, of course, pleased that Congress passed it. Others are filled with misgivings.

"Thousands of veterans will draw their money, spend it, and when they are old and in greater need they will regret their folly," says the Montgomery *Advertiser*, but it concludes:

"If a billion dollars is borrowed a billion dollars of new money will go immediately into circulation.

"That will be a tonic to business and so will be helpful to all."

Those who opposed the measure fear that it will open the way for similar legislation in later Congresses. Many take the view of *The Wall Street Journal:*

"Since Congress in its wisdom has passed the veterans' loan bill, despite the unanswerable reasoning of President Hoover's veto message, there is nothing the country can do but make the best of it. And there is something that can be done to limit its bane better than merely grinning and bearing it.

"That is, the country can now call upon all veterans for self-restraint in the use of their new borrowing powers. It is clearly their duty to justify the claims of their spokesmen in Congress that if the bill were passed the loan privilege would be exercised only by those certificate-holders compelled by unemployment or other special adversity to do so."

"There's Gold in Them Thar Hills!"

—Doyle in the Philadelphia "Record."

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Muscle Shoals to Plague the 1932 Campaign

"THE FIRST BLAST OF THE 1932 CAMPAIGN has been fired," cries Senator Black of Alabama, denouncing President Hoover's veto of the Muscle Shoals bill. The President himself declares that Muscle Shoals has become "a political symbol" and "a political issue."

Senator Norris, author of the bill now dead, contributes this:

"The President has killed the bill, and the power trust is in high jubilee.

"Right across the road of human progress you'll find this octopus.

"That's what the President has brought about by his wicked, cruel, his unfair, his unmerciful veto."

And that there are those to take up the other side of the issue is evident from the Providence *Journal's* conclusion that:

"If any politicians want to thrust the Muscle Shoals controversy into a national campaign on the basis of the principles of the compromise bill, they will find no lack of thoughtful and clear-visioned men ready to meet them on the issue."

But this does not explain what the President vetoed and why he vetoed it. Let's go back a bit. As William Hard reminded us in a recent radio talk:

"In 1916, the Congress empowered the President to go to a navigable or non-navigable river, and there construct and operate dams, power-houses, and other plants 'necessary or convenient for the generation of electrical or other power, and for the production of nitrates or other products needed for munitions of war and useful in the manufacture of fertilizers.'

"President Wilson, thereupon, proceeded to the Tennessee River in northwestern Alabama; and there, at Muscle Shoals, in and by the river, he began a Federal governmental investment which now stands (roughly and roundly) as follows:

"For a dam and an electric-power plant, some fifty million dollars.

"For a fertilizer plant, with a limestone quarry and other appurtenances, some eighty-five million dollars.

"Total, some one hundred and thirty-five million dollars.

"After the conclusion of the war in Europe, many efforts were made to utilize the fertilizer plant through contract with some private interest. These efforts failed."

IN the meantime, the Government has been keeping up the beautiful mile-long Wilson Dam, and has been selling power to the Alabama Power Company. In recent years proposals for disposing of Muscle Shoals have several times reached climaxes at the close of Congressional sessions. Throughout the life of the session just closed, Muscle Shoals was the chief bone of contention. Finally, House and Senate came to an agreement. The measure they agreed on, writes Theodore C. Wallen in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "would provide for the government operation of the power plant and building of transmission lines and the sale of surplus power. In the sale of such power, cities and municipalities would have the preference." Then—

"The nitrate plants would be leased by the President for production of fertilizer, provided he could do so in twelve months.

"Whatever power was required for the operation of the nitrate plants would be obtained from the Muscle Shoals properties, and only the surplus power would be for sale.

"Should the President be unable to lease the nitrate plants, however, the Government itself would have to operate them, as well as the power plant."

President Hoover made two statements explaining his opposition to this plan. First he made his public statement, which contained the remark about the "political symbol." Then came the message accompanying the veto which Congress failed to override. First, the President made a financial statement with the idea of showing that it would be impossible for the Government to run the Muscle Shoals plant profitably, according to the terms of the legislation, and no less impossible to secure lessees for the nitrate plant. Then as for the Government going into the business either of manufacturing fertilizers or selling electric power, the President said emphatically:

"I am firmly opposed to the Government entering into any business, the major purpose of which is competition with our citizens.

"The power problem is not to be solved by the Federal Government going into the power business. The remedy for

Bucking the Rapids
—Warren in the Cleveland "News."

abuses in the conduct of that industry lies in regulation and not by the Federal Government entering upon the business itself."

Finally, the President makes a "constructive" suggestion that the States of Alabama and Tennessee get together and set up a commission to lease the plants at Muscle Shoals.

THIS is "a sound attitude toward a preposterous bill," in the opinion of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and the President's attitude is also supported by a host of newspapers including the Boston *Transcript*, New York *Sun*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Washington *Post*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Detroit *Free Press*, Chicago *Tribune*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and Fargo *Forum*.

But it is the opinion of the Baltimore *Sun* that "an intelligent national handling of the power issue would permit an honest experiment in government ownership and operation, and that Muscle Shoals would be a good place to try it, especially since it promises otherwise to continue as a wasting asset." And a feeling that it would have at least been an interesting experiment to go ahead with the development of Muscle Shoals according to the Norris Bill is exprest by papers like the Springfield *Republican*, Philadelphia *Record*, Washington *News*, Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, Raleigh *News and Observer*, Mobile *Register*, Detroit *News*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Milwaukee *Journal*, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Galveston *Tribune*, and Sacramento *Bee*.

And so the Muscle Shoals problem remains unsolved, which gives point to what the writers of an article in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* speak of as an "old Alabama folk saying":

"Should the Muscle Shoals plant outlast the Muscle Shoals controversy in Congress, it will be a fine tribute to the engineering skill of the builders."

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Capone Caught for Contempt

HE "GRINNED CHEERFULLY" when the judge sentenced him to six months in the county jail for contempt of court.

But it was Al Capone's first conviction in his home town after ten years of mysterious immunity, and some observers feel sure that his leadership in the Chicago underworld will be shaken by such loss of "face."

Others see it all as an ironic joke.

At present Capone is out on $5,000 bail, and has until June 1 to file his appeal.

On the first day of his trial, Chicago papers tell us, curious crowds surrounded the Federal building awaiting the appearance of the most-talked-about gangster in the world, who arrived in a car guarded by police escorts as tho he were a visiting potentate. During the four days that his case was before Federal Judge James H. Wilkerson—who recently sentenced Al's brother Ralph to three years in the penitentiary for violation of the income-tax law—the scarfaced general of gangdom never appeared twice in the same suit of clothes. Of his first appearance we read: "His ample bulk—235 pounds, he said—was encased in a soft blue suit. His tie was modest blue and gray, and his shirt white. Gray spats topped highly shined black shoes." On another day, we are informed, he wore "a single-breasted brown suit, with pencil stripes of gray, brown shoes and tie." And when formally receiving his sentence, he was encased in "a dark green suit, shiny tan shoes, and pearl-gray spats."

Acme—P. & A.

"I Ain't Worrying About a Cell. I'm Not There Yet. There Are Other Courts."

Says Alphonse ("Scarface Al") Capone, overlord of Chicago's underworld, sentenced by Federal Judge James H. Wilkerson to six months in jail for contempt of court.

The charge on which Capone received his first Chicago conviction was contempt in making false claims regarding his physical condition, to avoid appearance before a special grand jury two years ago. The only other jail sentence he has ever received was in Philadelphia, for carrying a concealed weapon.

THIS thirty-two-year-old czar of gangdom, who was recently described by a Viennese paper as "the real Mayor of Chicago," is reputed to have accumulated a fortune of more than $10,000,000. "He is now undisputed lord of one of the richest booze and vice markets in the nation, after ten years of bloody and treacherous fighting, which cost over 300 lives to win," says Owen L. Scott in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Chicago. And Col. Robert Isham Randolph, President of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce and leader of the clean-up movement in that city, writing in *Collier's Weekly*, says: "The closest estimate we can make of men on Capone's pay-roll is 2,000, counting brewers, truckmen, armed guards, collectors, fixers, and custodians of brothels." And it is commonly said by close observers, the Colonel adds, "that more than half of Chicago's police officers and men have taken bribes spasmodically or regularly from either Capone or his tributaries."

"They can't pinch Al" has been a boast of the Chicago underworld, and the papers of that city rejoice that the claim has been proven false. Now "the voters of Chicago have before them the task of preventing Capone from renewing for four years more his place in the counsels of the City Hall," remarks the Chicago *Daily News*, and *The Tribune* notes that, while Capone's conviction does not touch "the major facts of his career," it nevertheless has its bearing on "the general plan of government in which he has operated." For—

"The scheme of protection has broken down in one spot with him as it has of late broken down in the case of other gangsters. Ralph Capone has been sentenced to three years in prison, Frank Nitti to eighteen months, Druggan and Lake are to be sentenced on pleas of guilty, and of the three Guziks, a protected family of gangsters and fat vice-mongers, one has been sentenced to five years, one is indicted, and one is to be indicted. Furthermore, under the direction of Secretary of Labor Doak, the immigration officials are combing out the deportables. Mops Volpe of the Capone gang will thus leave the country.

"These are all new and, to the gangsters and politicians associated with them, startling developments of the last six months. If the law's approach has not been a direct attack upon the gravest crimes of the outlaws [they are still dug in there], it is nevertheless the first real breach which has been made in their protections."

And in the news columns of the same Chicago daily we read:

"Federal officials pointed out that a gang boss holds his place largely by reason of his reputation for immunity from legal punishment. He must also have the reputation of being able to protect his friends from punishment. It is recalled that Capone has been pushed around considerably since he was freed after serving a year's prison sentence in Pennsylvania, and his friends have also felt the weight of the law. Therefore, the authorities say, with a new six-months term hanging over him, Al is due for the skids from his pedestal in gangland."

OUTSIDE of Chicago, papers are divided between the belief that Judge Wilkerson's sentence is the beginning of the collapse of the Capone empire, and the fear that it will mean nothing more to the gangster than a passing inconvenience.

"The law is taking Al 'for a ride,' and he will find it hardly less difficult to come back from than the rides given his companions in the world of crime," declares the St. Louis *Star*, which thinks "the Hon. Mr. Capone, lord of Chicago, has had his day." "Al Capone has reached the beginning of the end as a romantic and semilegendary figure," thinks the Muskogee *Phœnix*.

But other papers fail to get much comfort out of Capone's conviction. Using contempt proceedings against organized gangdom seems to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* like "using a slingshot against the Rock of Gibraltar." "Abroad they are probably enjoying the enormously ironic joke implicit in Al Capone being sentenced to six months in jail for 'contempt of court,'" remarks the Baltimore *Sun*. It is pitiable, thinks the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, "that a man charged in the public mind with murder, bootlegging, terrorism, and commercial crime, can be caught up on nothing more grave than contempt of court."

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Must Wages Fall?

NO! SAY THE PRESIDENT of the American Federation of Labor, the President of the United States Steel Corporation, other labor leaders and employers and economic authorities.

Yes! says the head of our biggest bank, supported by economic authorities on his side.

"On the one side are those who believe that wage cuts would injure the manufacturer's greatest market, and be a slipping-back from the high ground to which economic evolution has brought us. On the other side are those who believe that labor should bear some part of the burden of business depression."

So a writer in *Barron's Weekly* describes the debate.

That there has been less wage cutting in this depression than in previous ones is generally admitted. On the other hand, many recent wage cuts have been reported, altho in case of decreasing pay-roll, it is not always easy to tell whether it is due to part-time employment or to lower wages.

And now to jump right into the contest between the wage cutters and the anti-wage cutters. Prominent among the latter is President William Green of the American Federation of Labor. He has been returning to the attack again and again. A while ago he declared that employers who are forcing reduction of wages "can well be classified as public enemies." More recently, moved by reports of more wage cuts in January than in any month since the depression began, he said:

"This movement to reduce wages at the very moment when business depression appears to be reaching bottom is most untimely.

"Wage reductions are not like price cuts, for workers are human beings.

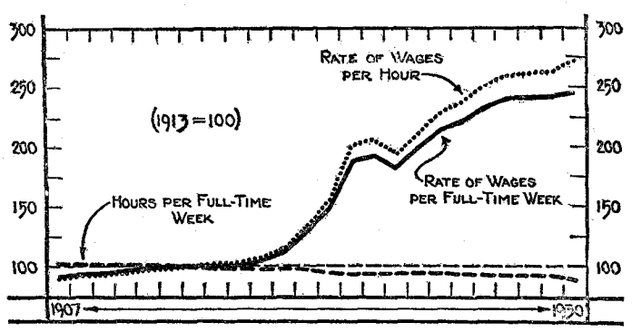
"Reduce their incomes, and you cut away the market for industry's product.

"More than this, you undermine social standards and eventually degrade human life.

"If wage cuts continue, we will limit our ability to pull up quickly from this depression."

AND on the employing side comes President James A. Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation to argue against wage reductions in a speech at Chicago:

"Apparently those who advocate this solution have not stopt to weigh the implications; that instead of tending to increase consumption of our industrial and agricultural products,



Cambridge Associates, Boston

How Wages Keep on Rising Despite Depression

Union wage rates in 1930, including 758,211 workers, were affected little by the business deflation. Since 1913 hours worked per week have steadily decreased.

such wage reductions must inevitably reduce the purchasing power of the wage-earners, and restrict consumption.

"It is my deliberate judgment that a general reduction of wages in this country, instead of relieving the situation, would set back the impending recovery by at least two years."

"The industries that cut wages defeat their own ends," declares Frances Perkins, State Industrial Commissioner of New York, "the purchasing power must be kept up where the wage-earning class will find it easy to buy the things the manufacturer wants to sell."

MORE might be quoted but space must be given the other side. Much attention was created when Chairman Wiggin of the Chase National Bank, a few weeks ago, declared that "in

The Wrong Way to Go About It!

—Talburt in the Washington "News."

many industries" American business "may reasonably ask labor to accept a moderate reduction of wages, designed to reduce costs and to increase both employment and the buying power of labor."

Perhaps the most clear and emphatic statement of this side of the case is presented by the Alexander Hamilton Institute in its *Business Conditions Weekly:*

"It is becoming increasingly clear that the efforts to maintain wage scales have been an important factor in prolonging the business depression.

"A reduction in wage scales will not injure the buying power of those employed, because it will be accompanied by a corresponding decline in prices of finished goods. This decline in prices will increase the purchasing power of farmers and of foreign countries, and the greater demand for goods will give work to the unemployed. Reduced wage scales will consequently increase total purchasing power.

"Eventually, this increase in demand will bring about a sufficient increase in output to more than offset lower prices and warrant an even higher wage scale than has heretofore existed."

Refusing to take an extreme stand either way, the New York *Journal of Commerce* feels that there is no call for "a universal drastic lowering of wages," but it does feel that "wage reductions are essential in many cases, especially in those industries in which the rewards of capital have been cut to the disappearing point, and the incentive to continue productive operations no longer exists."

In explaining the diagram reproduced on this page, the Cambridge Associates of Boston point out that the upward trend of wages has continued since prewar days, but it is noted that due to off seasons and overplus of workers in many lines, "the average union worker's real weekly wage, spread over the whole year, is not nearly as high as it seems."

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The Foundering of "The World"

WHEN THAT GALLANT OLD FIGHTING SHIP, the New York *World*, hit the financial rocks and foundered the other day, the disaster caused shock and sorrow all over the land.

With *The World*, leader of many a crusade for human rights, passes *The Evening World* and the Sunday *World*. And altho all are merged with the Scripps-Howard New York *Telegram*, which becomes *The World-Telegram*, an afternoon paper, those who applaud this new journalistic giant are inconsolable over the loss of the old fighter.

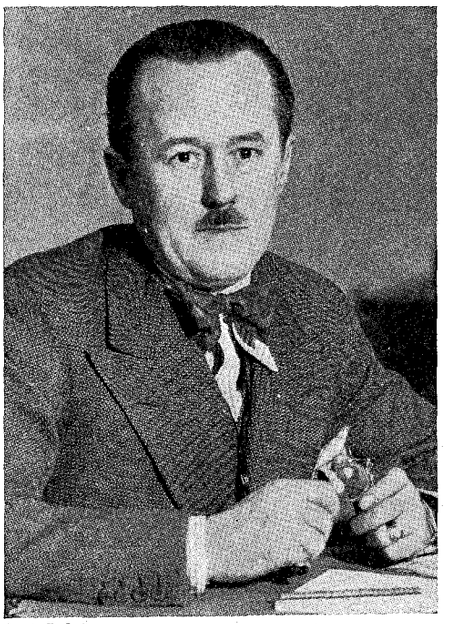
"A major intellectual tragedy," says the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* of the end of this "distinctive, significant and powerfully liberalizing force in American thought."

"The permanent eclipse of its individual name and identity seems nothing less than a tragic sensation," remarks the Syracuse *Herald*, and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* asserts:

"It is not an exaggeration to say that the nation could better afford the loss of its most valuable citizen—whoever he may be."

"A great romance of newspaper enterprise thus ends in material failure," comments the Boston *Transcript*, and to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* it is "a disaster which no newspaperman can discuss without a sigh." Says the Richmond *News-Leader:*

"The loss to the Democratic party will be serious not only because the blows that *The World* struck its adversaries often counted, but also because so many papers took their cue from that paper."



Acme—P. & A.

He Bought "The World"

Roy W. Howard, at 4 A. M., after completing the deal for the Scripps-Howard interests.

And this from the Baltimore *Sun*, which often has been likened to *The World:*

"Other newspapers will fight the cause of the people as opposed to the purse and devote themselves to the maintenance of justice and political decency. But it is difficult now to imagine an exact counterpart of *The World*, a champion with the same intrepidity, energy, originality, and sound intelligence, the same dashing insistence that 'we can not afford to accept any favors from the powers that be,' the same ability to fight for the masses without accepting mass standards and mass hysteria."

BUT, says Roy W. Howard, who made the purchase, "the consolidation means not the death of the New York *World* but its rebirth." Expressing the views of many papers, the Cleveland *News* believes that admirers of *The World* "will rejoice that it has passed into capable hands, even while they mourn the tragedy to the house of Pulitzer."

Bought and rehabilitated in 1883 by Joseph Pulitzer, who a few years before had been a poor immigrant boy from Hungary, and who soon was to make himself famous as a journalistic crusader, *The World* had an intensely dramatic career. And it was dramatic to the very last "deadline," while the employees fought to buy the paper and keep it going as a cooperative enterprise.

The last chapter opened, we read, when Joseph, Ralph, and Herbert Pulitzer, sons of the editor, who had enjoined upon them "the duty of preserving, perfecting, and perpetuating *The World* newspaper, to the maintenance and publishing of which I have sacrificed my health and strength," asked Surrogate Foley to set aside a provision of the will to permit the sale.

The reserves of the trust had been depleted by $3,000,000 since 1927, it was testified; *The World* could not continue more than ninety days without seriously imperiling the estate. A contract with the Scripps-Howard chain was submitted, providing for the sale of "the name, the good-will, the press franchise and the going value" of the Pulitzer papers for $5,000,000, of which $2,000,000 was said to be contingent on the success of the amalgamation.

News that *The World* was for sale brought several other bids, one of which was made by the 2,867 employees of the papers, who quickly raised $600,000, with pledges of more than $1,000,000. Surrogate Foley, however, simply ruled that the sale could be made, leaving it to the Pulitzers to decide which offer they would accept. Immediately, the Scripps-Howard contract was fulfilled, and the last edition of *The World* was printed on February 27.

This, notes the New York *Sun*, "marks the end of a once-famous and glamourous newspaper center—Park Row."

Peru's Revolt to End Revolts

WHEN IS A REVOLUTION not a revolution?

For the answer, turn to Peru, where a strange political situation has developed. It might be called a revolt to end revolts.

Out goes Provisional President Luis M. Sanchez Cerro, tossed overboard by the Navy six months after he overthrew President Augusto B. Leguia.

In comes a new junta, headed by Ricardo Leoncio Elias, the Chief Justice, as Provisional President, and backed by Navy officers. To stop the civil war that was threatening, it seizes the government, permitting Sanchez Cerro to resign.

"The Navy cherishes no personal ambitions," says a statement quoted by an Associated Press dispatch from Lima, "and invites Peruvians to help it to reestablish peace."

But peace doesn't seem to be reestablished. In five days this government is forcibly ejected, with "vivas" from the capital's citizenry, by troops under a friend of the deposed Cerro, one Lieut. Col. Gustavo Jiminez, who announces that his junta is "transitory." And "transitory" would appear to be the proper description of present-day governments in Peru.

Ten days before the Navy acted on March 1, the dispatches had brought word of an uprising in Lima that was crusht after several hours of fierce fighting, in which forty loyalists and twenty rebels were reported killed. An American, Reginald A. Skidmore, a native of Texas, also lost his life by a stray bullet.

Altho these rebels were forced to surrender after they had fled to Callao, port of Lima, another uprising flared soon afterward in Arequipa, a city of 50,000, several hundred miles south of the capital. Following this came reports of strife in the North. Then, in an effort to pacify the country, Sanchez Cerro announced in a manifesto the withdrawal of his candidacy for President at the coming election. But he was too late.

The collapse of the Presidency brings to the American State Department a renewal of the problem of recognition, says the Washington *Evening Star*. "It is, however, not difficult of solution. What has occurred at Lima is merely a change in personnel, effected by unusual methods, but quite orderly."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

ONLY in Latin is bonus declined.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

CAN'T the Reds play any tunes but the blues?—*Boston Transcript.*

SOME people, at least, are Red merely because they're green.—*Nashville Banner.*

MOST of us won't be contented with our lot till it's a lot more.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

LUDENDORFF now says that war does not pay. However, it collects.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

THEY'RE now making rubber of sagebrush. We'd think this lowly plant would turn to rubber without extraneous aid, if noting the prevailing garb of feminine tourists.—*Weston Leader.*

DESPITE the efforts to find a substitute, elbow grease is still the essential oil of industry.—*Pathfinder.*

THE King of Spain seems to have the happy faculty of meeting himself coming back.—*Albany News.*

FUTURE historians may think the unknown soldier was the one who didn't write any memoirs.—*Brooklyn Times.*

THERE will shortly be some vacancies on the Farm Board to be filled by deserving citizens who are looking for trouble.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

A BRITISH auto-racer has been knighted for his exploits in this country. And all the British heavyweights who ever came over here have been crowned.—*San Diego Union.*

"THE big men of America are those who never give up." We'd noticed that. When they predict better times, and nothing happens, they just predict some more.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"WHERE are the biggest and worst mosquitoes found?" asks THE LITERARY DIGEST. But who in—well, who besides THE DIGEST wants to know?—*Weston Leader.*

A STATISTICIAN points out that there are more "Williams" in the House of Commons than any other name. But a lot of "Bills" are thrown out.—*Passing Show (London)*

A FORMER circus acrobat is now a Chicago politician. Well, it takes an acrobat to stay on the fence and in the middle of the road at the same time.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

A HARVARD professor says he can produce artificial earthquakes. The Democratic leaders might try to engage him to make an artificial landslide for the party next year.—*Louisville Times.*

A LITERARY advertisement, according to the Boston *Transcript*, which discovered it, tells readers: "Send us your MRS. for candid criticism and advice." Yeh, try to do it!—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS of engagements are running 20 per cent. above normal in the Chicago newspapers. Almost any girl with a good job can get married now.—*American Lumberman (Chicago.)*

AN American race-horse always wears spectacles. America always gets in first, of course, but there is still time to equip one of our aristocratic racing greyhounds with a monocle.—*The Humorist (London).*

ACCORDING to Lowell Thomas, the song "Tell Mother I'll Be There," which used to have the greatest pulling power in evangelistic services, has lost its ancient charm. The reason is, perhaps, that there's no use telling the modern mother you'll be there, because there's no telling where she'll be herself.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

COOLIDGE says that boosting taxes depresses wages. Not to speak of the taxpayer.—*Weston Leader.*

EUGENE O'NEILL'S new play will take three nights to run. At least it'll have a run of three nights.—*B'nai B'rith Messenger.*

LOTS of people are against Prohibition because it doesn't work, while others are against it because it works too well.—*Dallas News.*

"I CAUGHT my husband playing kiss-in-the-ring," said a woman in court recently. Many a husband has been caught by this method.—*Passing Show.*

HOGS and lambs are both doing better on the produce exchange. On the stock exchange, when the hogs win the lambs generally lose.—*American Lumberman.*

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First Sign of Spring

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

EVEN Alfonso's worst enemies haven't put a bonus bill up to him.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE attitude of Congress on the bonus is that 4,000,000 votes can't be wrong.—*Dallas News.*

THE meek may ultimately inherit the earth, but it's go-getters who are buying *The World.*—*Weston Leader.*

IT is a pity that the farmer can't make as much money out of a good hog as the city man can out of a blind pig.—*Louisville Times.*

AS we understand the situation, the Democrats are fighting among themselves to decide whether they shall fight among themselves now or later.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THE Russian workman, forced to quit a job he likes and work where the bosses need him, must rejoice in the fact that he is no longer slave of a Czar.—*Brooklyn Times.*

MR. WARBURG, New York banker, says business revival needs the help of psychologists and not economists. Perhaps a few buyologists would help.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

A NEW YORK minister says that Christianity is the only cure for war, but the trouble is in making the other fellow see that he is the one who should turn the other cheek.—*Miami News.*

PERSHING described the lucky fellows of the A. E. F. as "engaged in healthy, interesting exercises in the open air, with simple diet." Sherman was wrong; war is health.—*The New Yorker.*

THIS is the time of year when they begin sending you illustrated seed catalogs so that you may see what the things you planted last year would have looked like if they had come up.—*Boston Herald.*

THAT twenty-million-dollar relief fund is to be loaned out upon agricultural property. Our rulers in their infinite wisdom have decided that what the distrest farmer needs is another mortgage.—*The New Yorker.*

THEY laughed when Hamilton Fish warned of a Communist conspiracy against the Government; but when he charged that the Army was hiring football players, then that was something serious.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*

THEY have put up a monument in Vienna over the grave of the man who invented the postcard, and we do hope that his career was of the kind that would justify the inscription: "Having a Fine Time. Wish You Were Here."—*Boston Herald.*

"IT was in August, 1918," says the Victoria (B. C.) *Daily Colonist*, commenting on General Pershing's story, "that the American Army took part in its first major operation at the front—four years after the war started and three months before it terminated." A slightly different way of stating the same thing is that the war terminated three months after the American Army took part in its first major operation.—*Detroit News.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

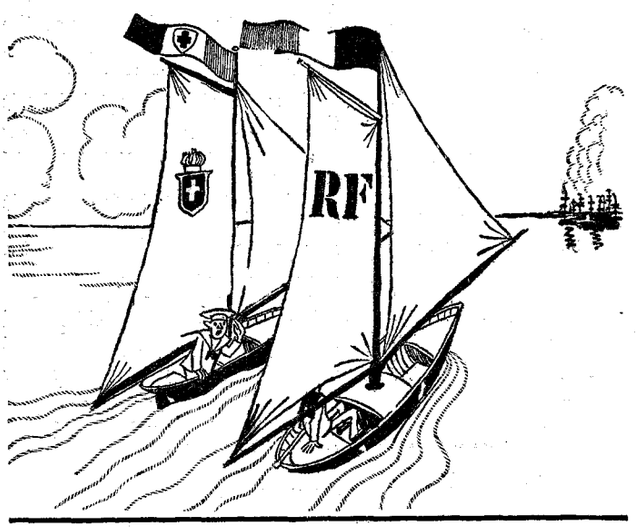
Truce or Finish of the Franco-Italian Feud?

PEACE OF MIND is attained at last by many European editors who have been distrest over the years of friction between France and Italy on the subject of naval strength, especially in the Mediterranean.

It is brought about by the British-French-Italian naval agreement, which is said to eliminate the possibility of a Franco-Italian naval race for the next five years.

The national and international aspects of the accord between France and Italy, more or less directed by Great Britain, we are told in Paris press dispatches, will relieve France of a large naval building burden and remove much of the threats to world peace in Franco-Italian rivalry.

The provisions of the new agreement, as given in an Associated



The Franco-Italian Naval Race.

Italy: "Ahoy, there, we must watch out for mines!"

—"L'Oeuvre" (Paris).

Press dispatch from Rome, will affect the naval rivalry of France and Italy as follows:

"The terms give France a total tonnage of 670,000 and Italy 441,000 in 1936, and an efficient tonnage of 586,000 for France and 436,000 for Italy, leaving France a 150,000-ton margin of superiority. For replacement France may build 51,000 tons and Italy 47,000 before 1936. France may build 4,441 tons of submarines and Italy 2,791, halting her submarine building when she has 52,700 tons, her parity figure.

"In aircraft-carriers each country may have 43,000 tons. In the period of the accord, Italy will build or finish 130,000 tons and France 126,000 tons."

IT is further pointed out in this Rome dispatch, that the "principle of parity" which broke up the London Naval Conference, as far as Italy and France were concerned, is not settled by the new accord, but is postponed until 1936. We read then:

"In the meantime naval construction programs are put on a practical level, and so harmonized as to guarantee each country against surprize, and to permit accurate check on annual tonnage laid down.

"The annual programs are reduced from more then 40,000 tons to an average of between 21,000 and 22,000.

"Italy made some sacrifices, the terms of the agreement show, but she believes they will not affect her national security, and that they are balanced by sacrifices on the part of the French.

"The accord will give France in 1930 a superiority of 229,000 tons.

"Italy discounts this, pointing out that 84,000 tons of the French total will be obsolete while the Italian obsolete tonnage will be only 5,000.

"Moreover, the French have certain types of ships which the Italians believe unnecessary to their Navy.

"A unique point, according to the terms, is that both countries are permitted to build two 23,000-ton cruisers.

"Another is the decided superiority the accord gives France in submarines—81,900 tons, compared with 52,700 for Italy.

"Italy, however, receives parity in this category with the United States, Great Britain, and Japan."

THE movement toward the successful conclusion of the accord was eagerly watched not only by all Europe but also by Washington. President Hoover hailed the accord as a great advance along the road toward "a general and reasonable limitation of all armaments."

In a statement issued to the press, we read in Washington dispatches, Mr. Hoover said in part:

"The Franco-Italian naval settlement marks the completion of the work which began two years ago in naval reduction and the ending of competition in naval construction among the five leading naval Powers.

"Throughout the long-continued process toward the completion of this plan, the cause of disarmament has been fortunate in the devotion and application of the men charged with the conduct of foreign affairs. In the last phase of the negotiations, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Briand, and Mr. Grandi have given it the full measure of their statesmanship, and the successful result is a matter for congratulation in the whole world."

A cable poll made by THE LITERARY DIGEST of the press in France and Italy sheds great light on the general feeling of those countries about the agreement reached after so many months of anxiety and question. Some of the Italian papers prefer to stress the Anglo-Italian aspect of it, and say little about France.

La Stampa of Turin avers:

"Whenever Italy and England collaborate in the solution of any problem, it is always a noble example of moderation and justice that they give to Europe. The accord of Rome shows that Italy has accomplished her duty fully for the sake of peace."

THE "Anglo-Italian conversations" indicate England's profound friendship for Italy, we are assured, and a Mussolini organ, *Il Popolo Italia*, has this to say:

"The Italian-Anglo conversations were profitable, not only in the cause of disarmament but also in the general scope of European policy, as Italy and England are necessary factors in the peace of Europe.

"This again shows the absurdity of certain grotesque forecasts of an Anglo-French understanding excluding Italy.

"Italy can not be ignored in any question involving disarmament, safety, or victory, or any future problem of life in Europe."

In similar vein the Milan *Corriere della Sera* declares:

"The British would not have resumed negotiations with Rome unless they were sure of the good intentions of Italy or the peaceful tendency of the Italian policy. Mussolini's message to the American people, January 1, constituting the most important political manifestation of past months, is the most glaring proof that the Italian program can be summarized by the words: 'Peace with dignity.'

"It is no exaggeration to say that one of the most outstanding results of the unforgetable message is represented both by the visit of the British to Rome, and the conclusion of the Italo-French accord."

Among Rome newspapers *Il Lavoro Fascisti* asserts that the new naval agreement "confirms the letter and spirit of Premier

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Mussolini's message to the Americans, the actuating principles of which are noteworthy in connection with the words and spirit of cordial collaboration used in the agreement."

La Tribuna of Rome is convinced that:

"The accord will help European stability.

"No renunciation of national defense is implied, or subordination to other nations' formulæ, but it is obvious political goodwill to abandon the restricting technical argument and consider naval problems from the wider view-point already envisioned by Il Duce on several occasions."

A Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, is convinced that the accord awakens responsible politicians to "a vision of things inevitable," leading to "further developments in the present understanding," and it adds:

"The conference succeeded because it was approached objectively with a sincere conviction to serve not only civilization but also the economic cause of all peoples, which at present is a matter of life and death."

ALL responsible personages in Paris, remarks the Rome *Giornale d'Italia*, must appreciate the evident proofs of the "clarity and good-will of Italy's policy both as regards France and other countries." Italy's work of "collaboration and pacification" has been "vast, willing, and precise."

In acrid disagreement with such a claim we find the Paris *Figaro* asserting that "this partial superficial accord is a sign of total and profound discord."

Again the Royalist *Action Française* complains that "the accord completely ignores naval constructions made for other countries which could be utilized by the signatory countries in case of conflict."

The hostile Nationalist anti-Briand newspaper, *L'Ami du Peuple*, sarcastically observes that "once again England divided the sea with a knife, exactly as if it were a pie, and, after taking the largest piece, distributed the remainder to the others."

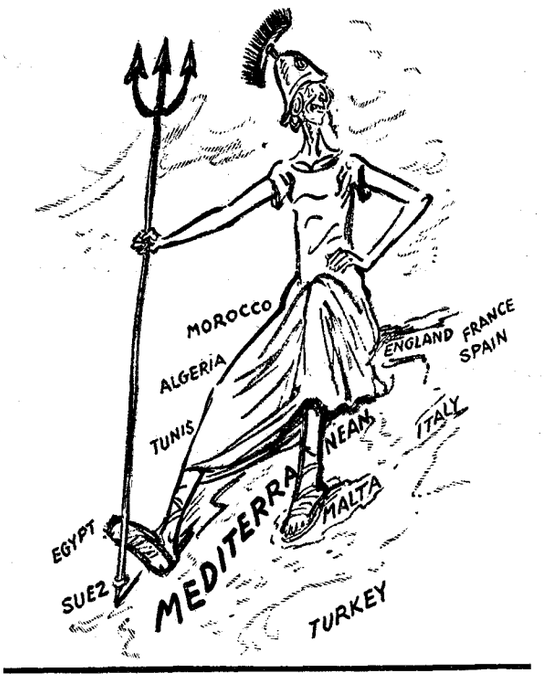
Disappointed also is the independent Nationalist *Liberté*, which says:

"The limitation of armaments is not arithmetic but politics. The new convention signifies nothing, and will be precarious."

BUT, on the other hand, certain French newspapers of wide distribution, such as *Le Petit Journal*, assure us that:

"The accord marks not only the suspension of all Franco-Italian sea rivalry until 1936, the date of the next naval conference, but also the strengthening of the Anglo-French entente in the general domain of disarmament."

According to *Le Petit Parisien*, "this important diplomatic event is the successful realization of British mediation and the reciprocal good-will of Italy and France." Altho the Paris *Journal* thinks the accord important, it issues the warning that "it must be realized that the spirit of conciliation is not manifested by formulæ but by figures." But the Paris *Matin* felicitates France's representatives at the conference "because without sacrificing French security, they worked out an international entente."



A French Thrust

England: "Could anybody be more at home for a naval conference on the Mediterranean than I?"
—"Le Rire" (Paris).

The "New Calumny" Against Russia

THEY CALL IT JUST A NEW FORM of anti-Soviet propaganda—the charge that the Soviet Government is employing, "convict labor" in its attempt to carry through the Five-Year Plan successfully.

That is what Soviet newspapers say as they rage against "world-imperialists" outside Russia.

Instead of talking about "convict labor" in Russia, the Moscow *Isviestia* retorts hotly that other countries, especially those having colonial possessions, should look into their own affairs. It charges that the cruel exploitation of the natives in colonies of the imperial Powers is causing uprisings of "colonial slaves," which are becoming more and more frequent.

This Moscow newspaper cites the testimony of a special correspondent of *Le Petit Parisien*, who, in 1930, when serious disturbances were going on, made an investigation of labor conditions in Indo-China, and it tells us that he wrote in part:

"'While covering the distance of one hundred kilometers separating Nam-Dina from Honoi, I saw how groups of women, about twenty each, were working in rice-fields, harnessed to carts, like cattle. The fact is that it is cheaper here to feed twenty natives twenty days than to feed one buffalo. I visited factories and fields, and the starved face of misery looked at me from every turn. Yesterday, at a market place, I saw a young woman selling her child for 60 cents. And in winter, in Indo-China's villages, the price of children falls to 20 cents.'"

Then the *Isviestia* mentions other similar statements bearing on conditions of native labor in various British colonies, and it concludes by saying:

"It is these 'civilized' slave-drivers who howl in their press about the 'terrible conditions of labor' in Soviet Russia.

"The proletarians of the Soviet Union not only have the right, but also the duty to work, for it is their country, and the factories, mines, plants, fields and forests belong to them—not to capitalists, bankers, planters, or landlords.

"The Soviet Union is a country of free labor, for it does not admit of the exploitation of one man by another man. In reality it is not the absence of 'free labor' in Russia which the imperialists and slave-drivers deplore, but the absence of the possibility of robbing millions of people by the extortion of high profits and dividends.

"The gentlemen heading the railroads in Africa, the owners of mines, plantations and forests in Liberia and Indo-China, in Australia, South Africa, and in the Philippines, and in all the enormous territory of the colonial world peopled by millions and millions of colored men, shout about 'convict labor' in Russia because, freed from capitalistic exploitation, the workmen and peasants of the Soviet Union are building, in a magnificent outburst of creative energy, a free, new Socialistic State of their own."

It is true, we are told further, that the Soviet press admit that more than 1,200,000 "anti-Soviet individuals" are exiled to the so-called "northern concentration camps" with their center in the Solovietzky Islands, in the White Sea; and that they are working

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in forests there, felling trees and cutting them for various purposes.

These newspapers admit, too, that great numbers of other "undesirable" men and women, chiefly "kulaks" or well-to-do peasants, who opposed the farm-collectivization reform, are sent to various other northern districts to also work in the forests.

But the labor of these men, it is claimed, has nothing to do with convict labor. They work, it is asserted, in perfectly humane conditions.

To corroborate this claim, *Pravda*, the official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party in Moscow, as well as some other Soviet organs, publish a number of letters said to have been written by men working in these "forest exploitation areas," and which, as a rule, run like this:

"We, the undersigned, are roused to indignation by the nonsensical accusations invented by world capitalists to the effect that we are ill-treated, and that our work is convict labor. We declare this is a lie. We receive good food, are well clothed, and well provided for."

But Russian anti-Soviet journals published outside Russia, aver that these letters are mere forgeries. To confirm this, they quote the statements of a number of men who say that they have fled to Finland from the Solovietzky and other forest areas, and that they know from their own experience what the system applied to these "undesirable elements" is, and that it is in reality even worse than convict labor. That these men did flee from these areas to Finland is, we are told, confirmed in many cases by the Finnish authorities who saw them crossing the frontier.

Possliednia Novosti, a Russian democratic anti-Bolshevik daily published in Paris, prints the story of "S," who it declares is one of these refugees. As quoted by this paper, "S." says in part:

"The fate of Solovietzky exiles is far worse than the fate of black slaves. In Liberia or Arabia the master feeds his slaves and takes care of them, in order not to lose the money which he paid for them.

"As for us—we do not cost anything to the Soviet Government. Hence, this Government does not see itself obliged to spare us. If exhausted by work in the forests, an exile dies, the agents of the Ogpu always can replace him. For the supply of human material—that is to say, of arrested and exiled 'undesirables'—is unlimited.

"I do not remember a single case of an exile in the Northern Camps who lived through the term of his sentence. All are 'liberated' by premature death before their term is up."

Further, "S." charges that the exiles are forced to work as much as eighteen hours a day, and are practically starved. Also, that they freeze in dozens in unheated barracks, and that they are cruelly beaten or shot for the slightest breach of discipline.

From the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*

The Nightmare of the Next War

ENTIRE NATIONS WIPED OUT—others slowly dying. Victors and vanquished alike sucked into a vortex of catastrophe, perishing by fire, by deadly gases, by famine.

So would conclude the next war, as imagined by the German General Ludendorff. His new book, which pictures it in concrete fashion, is entitled "A World War Menaces Us," and is creating a sensation throughout Europe.

The imagination of Europe has been captured, asserts that graphic Parisian weekly *Vu*, by the grisly game of visualizing the next war. *Vu* devotes a whole number to various aspects of the war to come, reprints Ludendorff's detailed maps of decimated populations and ravaged territories, and summarizes his picture of a completely devastated Europe:

"In a new World War, Germany and Austria, as well as Italy, their ally, would be crusht from the first hour. But General Ludendorff, surveying the events following the first day of mobilization, asserts that other countries, victors and vanquished alike, would be dragged into the same catastrophe, and would perish by fire, by arms, by gases, and by famine. Here is the final chapter of this summary exposé:

"War in the trenches goes on throughout Europe, from east to west, from north to south, for all neutral countries, even the Scandinavian, have been dragged into the struggle.

"What remains of the Germans, the Hungarians, the Poles, the Roumanians, and the Jugo-Slavs are no longer capable of the slightest effort, nor even to express their will.

"Revolution breaks out in Czecho-Slovakia.

"The same in France and Belgium, where the masses rise up at last against those who have hurled them to death.

"The civil war which follows is no less appalling than the other.

"The same thing happens in England.

"The situation is more complicated in Russia, where the representatives of the French Alliance lead the masses to the assault of Bolshevism.

"Emissaries from Rome, who have become masters of the G. P. U., arouse other sections of the Russian people. The Soviet Government tries to keep them in submission. Civil war, finally unchained, is more frightful there than elsewhere.

"On the Vistula, on the San, in the Carpathians, in Jugo-Slavia, and in Germany, little by little, the troops disband.

"Entire peoples are dead, others are dying day by day.

"Governments have collapsed; or indeed, if they are still in existence, can exercise neither authority nor force. There is no possibility of concluding peace.

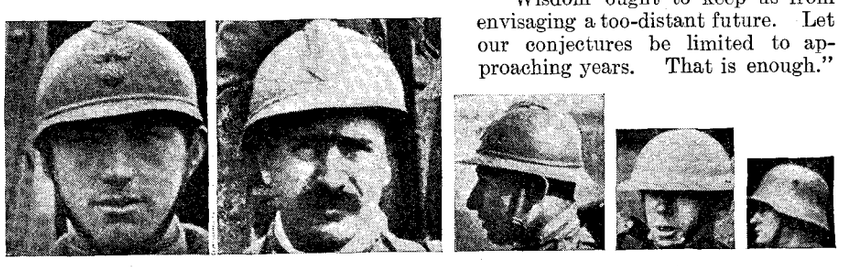
"The races of Asia and of Africa are to become the heirs of the races of Europe, if war and revolutions continue.

"How long will they continue to go on?"

As an antidote to these dire prophecies of the aging Teutonic warrior, the clever French weekly prints a "recall to order" from Paul Painlevé, advising Europeans to keep a tight rein on their overstimulated imaginations:

"Let us not venture into prophecy, because scientific and industrial conditions evolve so rapidly. One thought should remain fixt in the midst of changing vicissitudes: that is the resolute will to do everything which is humanly possible to avoid the recurrence of the catastrophe.

"Wisdom ought to keep us from envisaging a too-distant future. Let our conjectures be limited to approaching years. That is enough."



Comparative Peace Strength of European Armies

Reading from left to right, Russia towers above all other countries with 1,200,000 men. France is next with 650,700. Then comes Italy with 638,300 men in the Army and Militia. Poland follows with 299,041 men. Great Britain has 186,100 and 180,227 territorials. Then Germany appears with 100,000.

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As "Juliette."

In Her Younger Years.

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As "Marguerite."

"No Greater Figure in the Whole Cycle of Opera"

Melba, Opera's "Blazing Star"

MELBA DIDN'T CHEAT.

That is perhaps an odd tribute to a singer, but what the New York *World* meant is that Melba, "instead of relying on vocal histrionism . . . stuck to singing, which was what her rôles called for."

Other tributes are plentiful, and all parts of the country are lifting their voices in praise of the singer who died in Sydney, Australia, February 23.

She was born in Melbourne, the city from which she derived her famous name. Her maiden name was Mitchell.

Melba's was the perfect voice, first by divine gift, then by long and careful training.

She appeared in what is called "the golden age of opera," and was surrounded by brilliant stars, but the Boston *Transcript* affirms her supremacy even among them:

"Melba united the perfect voice with the perfect art. And her art, for that matter, was nature.

"No one could equal her in what the men of musical science call coloratura, but she never despised the sentiment of the people, and could, and did, sing 'Home, Sweet Home' as no one else had ever sung it. Her title of Dame of the British Empire, well won, will give place in history to the greater name of Queen of Song."

The above-mentioned title was granted as a recognition of her war work, but the pride of Britons in her position as singer must also have counted, as the Baltimore *Sun* points out:

"To the purity and sweetness of her voice there must be added another particular virtue.

"Melba, born in Melbourne, and daughter of a Scotsman, represented the long-delayed challenge of Britain to German, Italian, French, even indeed American, superiority in opera.

"This does not refer to anything so vulgar as outright international competition in production of artists; it does not mean that Melba was liked simply because she enhanced the prestige of the empire in cultural matters. But it is natural that a race should want not only to enjoy great singers, but to feel that at least one of them was its very own.

"Melba was a daughter of the British dominions, yet she was the peer of the wonderful Latins and Germans in a field which had seemed almost to belong to them. Eames, Homer and Nordica were American-born; Calvé was French. Melba alone stood for the triumphant entrance of Britain into the realm of grand opera.

"No other English singer could compare with her or share her position in the world of music—she symbolized Britain's coming of age in this sphere. This made her an unusual figure, and added to her great abilities a unique appeal and attraction."

MADAME MELBA sang almost from her cradle. In her youth, Australia knew her as a church singer; then, in 1886, she gave a concert in Prince's Hall, London; went to Paris to study under Madame Marchesi, and a year later made her operatic début in Brussels as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto." London, Milan, Paris, Stockholm, Berlin heard her, and finally New York acclaimed her in 1893

The sketch appearing in the New York *Sun*, unsigned but possibly from the pen of W. J. Henderson, gives her and her *milieu* most fully:

"Nellie Melba was a blazing star of opera in an age of great singers. For many years her magnificent voice, her beauty and her charm conquered the world. In the whole cycle of opera there is no greater figure than the Australian diva.

"She made her début at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, in October, 1887, and her last appearance was in Covent Garden on the night of June 8, 1926, singing to a vast and brilliant audience, which included King George and Queen Mary —an audience moved to deep emotion.

"As great singers have become rare, the public has been increasingly loath to say farewell to the few who still existed, even when their great gift has faded. That is why the death of Dame Nellie Melba will bring sadness to opera lovers and music-lovers the world over.

"Such people seem deathless until death claims them.

"Madame Melba sang in public for almost forty years, a year longer than Adelina Patti. Madame Sembrich completed thirty-two years on the operatic stage, and sang in concert for several years more. Lilli Lehmann sang for almost half a century. Further back vocal careers were not so prolonged. Pasta enjoyed only ten years of greatness. Maria Malibran died at twenty-eight, after singing for eleven years. And eleven years was the term of Jenny Lind in opera.

"When Madame Melba emerged in opera, Patti was then in her later prime. Christine Nilsson had not yet retired. Albani reigned at Covent Garden.

"Madame Melba thrilled New York for the first time in the autumn of 1893, making her American début at the Metropolitan as *Lucia*, five days after Emma Calvé had made hers as *Santuzza*.

"In that and subsequent seasons Madame Melba's Metropolitan associates included Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Nordica,

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Eames, Arnoldson, Sybil Sanderson, Zelie de Lussan, Frances Saville, Clementine de Vere, Scalchi, Mantelli, Brema, Tamagno, Maurel, Cremonini, Lassalle, Ancona, Campanari, Plançon—perhaps the most notable aggregation of stars ever assembled in opera.

"Afterward Madame Melba figured as super-star of the Damrosch-Ellis tours, and, when those ended, went to Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, to win new triumphs at a salary, she wrote in her memoirs, of $3,000 a night. At the Manhattan she appeared with Bonci, Dalmores, Renaud, Ancona, Gilibert, and others."

THOSE who missed seeing or hearing Melba may cast a regretful glance over the writer's enthusiastic picture of her:

"There have been singers who were gifted with beauty of voice, and little beauty otherwise.

"Madame Melba offered everything.

"She had the living voice of her age. She was a beautiful woman. She had delightful social charm. Among the great artistes of the world she was truly a rare figure.

"Her simplicity, her freedom from posing, her frankness and cordiality were entirely charming. Born an Australian, but having led her art life in Paris, where she made her home, she adopted many French ways, but at heart she was always an Englishwoman, with a definite suggestion of English grit and solidity in everything she did and said.

"She was tall, with a rounded, supple figure, which came as close to the feminine idea of perfection as any figure might. Her face was oval and regular, with clear, pale complexion and dark brown eyes, which had something of the Oriental in them."

Singers and students can not fail to read with profit the writer's analysis of Melba's vocal art:

"In Handel's time the composer adapted his rôles to the voices in his company. Doubtless some of the success of the amazing Faustina and Cuzzoni was due to this.

"Melba, however, had to take her operas as she found them, and achieve her fame by singing them in her own way. Her voice was of the full range needed for the colorature and light lyric rôles of the modern repertoire.

"It extended from B flat below the clef to the high F. The scale was beautifully equalized throughout, and there was not the slightest change in the quality from bottom to top. All the tones were forward, there was never even a suspicion of throatiness. The full, flowing and facile emission of the tones has never been surpassed, if matched, by any other singer of our time.

"The intonation was preeminent in its correctness; the singer was rarely in the smallest measure off pitch.

"The Melba attack was little short of marvelous. The term attack is not a good one. Melba indeed had no attack; she opened her mouth and a tone was in existence. It began without ictus, when she wished it to, and without betrayal of breathing. It simply was there.

"When she wished to make a bold attack, as in the trio of the last scene of 'Faust,' she made it with the clear silvery stroke of a bell. Her trill was ravishing. On the evening of her début at the Metropolitan, she sang in the cadenza of the mad scene a prodigiously long crescendo trill, which was not merely astonishing, but also beautiful.

"Her staccati were as firm, as well placed, and as musical as if they had been played on a piano. Her cantilena was flawless in smoothness and purity. She phrased with elegance and sound musicianship as well as with consideration for the import of the text.

"In short, her technique was such as to bring out completely the whole beauty of her voice and to enhance her delivery with all the graces of vocal art.

"She was not a singer of what is called 'dramatic' manner, tho not devoid of sentiment or the ability to express a gentle pathos. But her interpretative power was superficial.

"She conquered rather by the sensuous spell of the voice, by the brilliancy and fluency of her ornamentation, and the symmetrical lines of her delivery, than by the awakening of feeling in her hearers.

"Her limitations did not prevent her from undertaking a wide variety of rôles. Immediately after her first *Lucia*, she sang *Nedda*, *Semiramide*, *Juliette*, *Gilda*. Comment at the time was that she was deficient in sentiment in the last-named part.

"But it must be borne in mind that much more was expected of singers then than now, and that Madame Melba surprized her hearers in later rôles."

"The Road to Culture"

SOME PEOPLE ARE ON THE WRONG ROAD. They have taken the route to sophistication by *mistake*.

Sophistication, in fact, is "the bane of present-day life."

It is something we take on in place of real culture, according to Prof. Charles Gray Shaw of New York University.

Sophistication is like sunburn that peels off but doesn't turn to tan. And the sophisticated man or woman, boy or girl, is a pest, in Professor Shaw's eyes. "They talk about electrons and glands, psychology and complexes, Einstein and Freud, but they only talk."

This may seem at first a severe indictment, yet Dr. Shaw is a genial man who has repeatedly been voted the most popular professor at the University, whose blue eyes twinkle even when he launches a home-thrust.

"His point of view is easy, civilized, and tolerant," says Elmer Roessner in *The Telegram* (New York). "He holds up a crystal globe, and says quietly, 'This is living.' Yet in doing so he takes nothing from the charm and mystery of it all."

This "crystal globe" is his latest book, "The Road to Culture" (Funk and Wagnalls) which, since its recent publication has made strides in the best-seller class.

Culture, once thought a luxury, is brought by Professor Shaw into the realm of necessities.

It is not a mere decoration of the mind, but a means of interpreting oneself to oneself. "Like many other things, the popular desire for culture has widened, and yet become more definite since the World War."

AND if you want a test, here it is: "Your culture is the awakening of your consciousness to the meanings and value of a life habitually taken for granted."

It does not consist in the number of things you know, either, but in the discrimination with which you regard such matters as art, poetry, music, literature in general, even the things not so definitely of the spirit, such as the multitude of interests and objects our mechanical civilization has thrust upon us.

To give an illustration of Professor Shaw's approach to a much-bandied-about theme, we learn how the man, proud of his sophistication, may even miss the point of such useful discoveries as modern psychiatry, "which now recognizes that certain ills result from suppression of both the instinctive and the intellectual, of both sex and spiritual life."

Dr. Shaw quotes Dr. Anna Mills, a psychoanalyst, who suggests that "disease is often an uncarved statue or unwritten play." Thus:

"'The goal of life is creativeness. The tremendous urge to express oneself fully, when it is unrealized, can not do anything but cause one to become sick,' said she.

"A special example of this appeared in the case of a patient suffering from neuritis, which turned out to be an unwritten novel imprisoned within him. The practical conclusion which Dr. Mills drew was that such esthetic sufferers should seek a cure for their spiritual maladies in the creative work of poetry or painting.

"Now, this psychological situation may have obtained in the mind of Byron, who expresses the energies of a nervous organism in that flow of poetry which proceeded from him with such apparent ease. More definitely does this appear in the life of Goethe, who expresses the beautiful and tormenting nature of his genius when he said, through his *Torquato Tasso*, 'Some God gave me power to tell how I suffer.' The average person, however, seeking culture and desiring self-expression, need not fancy that he must descend to the depths of the nervous patient or ascend to the heights of the talented poet, to grant himself sufficient expression for the normal aspirations of the mind.

"The main thing to observe is that expression comes from within, and can assume due form, either in the creation of beauty through art and literature, or in the appreciation of such esthetic excellence in others."

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In another passage Dr. Shaw brings into our daily life the laws that govern in the arts, employing "examples of the harmonious in our chaotic, almost seismic, existence." Without such harmonies, Dr. Shaw visions us going "mad in even greater proportion than at the present rate of insanity":

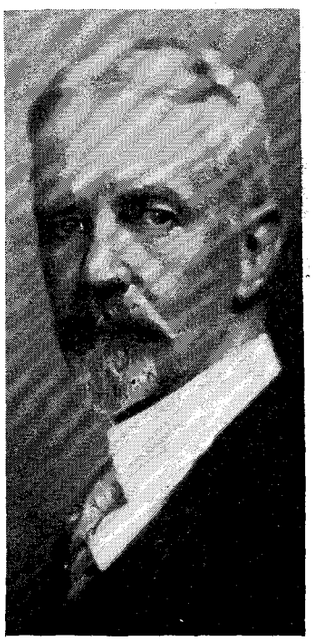
"One's motor-car, if well supplied with cylinders, soothes the nerves of one who is speed-mad on the highway or intent on annihilating so much space per day. Its music, like that of a monstrous metal humming-bird, hath charms to soothe savage or civilized breast. The auto maker aims not to produce by the car a radio outfit, but the rhythmic movement of the engine is such as to engender a tonal balance, however monotonous.

"Travel by rail has long done this by means of the tactata played by the wheels upon the rails. Then, as if to work like an Eolian harp, the whole train, by piling up and breaking down large masses of air ahead, yields an organlike effect.

"The traveler may enjoy this primitive music or practical poetry in its raw form, or he may call upon the train, as it moves rail after rail, to accompany his recital of a poem.

"Indeed, some enthusiasts over present-day poetry as invited by mechanical clatter have gone so far as to suggest poetical possibilities in the periodic clanks of a flat wheel on a trolley-car. But these are only trivial examples of that rhythmic sense, which, whether in our natural or civilized states of mind can not be subdued.

"Had we not acquired this from nature, and adhered to it in civilization, the poet who lives upon our rhythmic sense would be even worse off than he is to-day."



Prof. Charles Gray Shaw

Who makes culture a "necessity."

FINALLY, to choose a practical hint, Dr. Shaw would make us all writers—for an audience of one, ourselves:

"One's own note-book is important as a human comedy.

"Such a personal work can show one how his culture can change natural respiration into the systematic breathing exercise of a Yogi, or make the course of life like a stream of consciousness.

"A diary should record one's own doings with the fidelity of a weather report on one's owns skies. A blank book written up as Reminiscences can involve other people and public events. A journal can take on a more literary character by treating books in a personal way as friends.

"The literary result may not be 'Pepys' Diary,' but the Pepys habit of recording personal reactions to life can form a pathway to culture, which is largely a consciousness of existence.

"The main thing is to cultivate active culture in the form of such incessant essays, whether they are to be syndicated or not. Such a graphic method will enable one to make culture, but not necessarily money, by writing.

"There are books designed for such a purpose, but often they are devoted to only the exceptional experiences in one's usual career. 'Plays I Have Seen' and 'Operas I Have Heard' are of this sort, and seem somewhat like a blank book for bridge scores or account books. 'A Line a Day' is a better model to follow, altho that 'line' should be understood liberally.

"A portable typewriter, while not the pocket size of pencil or pen, has the value of facilitating writing; then, the results achieved with lettered keys are more likely to impress one than does his handwriting. But, again, it is the intellectual habit of cognizing life as it passes by, which is the important factor in culture by writing.

"Anything which will help one to make these verbal snapshots is to be recommended. By following them, one can produce a 'John Doe—His Book.' . . . Handbooks and pocket portfolios suggest culture in a busy life, or reading as one runs. There is no commuter who, in the course of a business career, travels the equivalent of a trip around the world who can not likewise make the journey equipped with handbooks which will supply the art and history of the countries he may travel ideally as his daily train makes its shuttle-movements in the monotonous to-and-fro of an active life."

A Prize Love Letter

DO LOVE LETTERS seem silly in the eyes of others than the two most intimately concerned?

Is the exposure of them a sacrilege?

The Knickerbocker Press (Albany) is dubious on both these points while it reports a competition for a prize. The Browning letters are usually set up as the perfect examples, and sacrilege was often alleged when they were made public. But the publication of "The Andromeda of Wimpole Street" (Dutton's) and the consequent play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," acted by Katharine Cornell, have more or less silenced protests.

The Press speculates on the motives of the prize-giving:

"There is no denying that love letters are among the most popular forms of public reading matter, and more than one sober-minded newspaper reader will turn away from the important news of the day if challenged in an adjoining column by a plaintive billet-doux used as evidence in the latest heart-balm action.

"A London newspaper has recently capitalized on this world-wide love of love letters by offering a prize of $500 for the best submitted to it. Many thousands were received, representing all sorts of sentimental tastes and viewpoints toward the grand passion.

"From the deluge it finally selected one that seems best to express the universal emotions of the lover. It was written by a woman, and even in cold newspaper type has eloquence, fineness, beauty of thought and deep sincerity, something of the enduring poetical quality, in fact, of the famous letters that passed between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett.

"It is not apparent whether the motive of this London newspaper was to encourage the writing of love letters or to discourage it, for the majority proved to be of the 'mushy' sort that makes the irreverent giggle. Some of them, indeed, were penned by cynics with no other thought than ridicule.

"Dorothy Dix would, no doubt, assure us that you can not tell a lover by his love letters. None the less, those of us with old-fashioned notions will be glad of this renewed evidence that there are still bundles of old letters tied with blue ribbon stored away in many attics."

The Cover

THOSE who know Ireland will recognize the veracity of Mr. Henry's "Spring in Wicklow"—the bare, blue mountains, the low-lying cottages, the windy sky. He has chosen one of the spots favored of trees, for Ireland, tho not treeless, gives in spots the impression of bareness. The interlacing branches in this picture form a beautiful pattern. The Hackett Gallery, New York, supplies this sketch:

"Paul Henry, R. H. A., was born in Belfast, Ireland. He first studied drawing and painting for a short time at the Belfast School of Art before going to Paris to work at 'Julien's' and the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

"After several years in Paris, he went to London, where he worked at portraiture, and black-and-white drawing for book illustration and the press.

"After being established in London for several years, he went on a holiday to the west of Ireland, and was so captivated by the country and the people that he decided to stay and work in Ireland.

"He has had many one-man shows in London, Oxford, Dublin, and Belfast. Has also exhibited in principal European exhibitions, as well as in Australia and Canada.

"Examples of his work in public galleries include pictures in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, England, and the Belfast Municipal Art Gallery."

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Woman and Her New Freedom

COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE, control of the birth-rate, and the right to divorce, so sternly denounced in other quarters, find a strong advocate in Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, militant pastor of the Madison Avenue Methodist Church, New York City.

Moralists, says this happily married man, the father of two children, must see both courtships and court-rooms.

He would lengthen the period of courtship by continuing it after marriage, and thus avoid a heedless resort to the court-room.

A too hasty complication of life for the young couple by the advent of children should be avoided, he holds, until an economic adjustment is made and the marriage relationship has had time to develop.

But Dr. Sockman is no advocate of "trial" marriage, which would postpone offspring until the wedded couple have tested their compatibility.

"To live together as husband and wife for a limited time without children in order that each may give undivided attention to the other is commendable," he writes in "Morals of To-morrow" (Harper and Brothers). "But to postpone children in order that each may try the other out before becoming irrevocably involved puts the union on a basis faulty in psychology and selfish in spirit."

Keystone photograph

Divorce is Necessary

In some cases "to salvage the wreckage of a home," declares Dr. Ralph W. Sockman.

DR. SOCKMAN is no detached theorist. The book is dedicated to his little eight-year-old daughter, Betty, and he has an eleven-year-old son, William Potter, both of whom were in his mind, we are told, when he wrote the book.

He wrote, too, in the thick of life, where arise daily the concrete problems he tries to meet.

Besides being a doctor of divinity, the author is a doctor of philosophy from Columbia University. He was president of the New York Greater Federation of Churches for two years, and is widely known as a radio preacher.

"Life is, of course, an experiment to youth," he says in an interview with Evelyn Seeley of the New York *Telegram*. "But certainly one does not want one's children thrown out into the experiment unprepared."

He believes that parents and children are a sort of partnership, and that "the experience of the parents should be lent to the experimentation of the children."

In a nutshell, to return to his book, Dr. Sockman would strengthen marriage by easing its ties.

"With all our safeguards," he writes, "mistaken unions will be made. In the light of Jesus' teachings regarding forgiveness and the second chance, it is not consistent in the Christian Church to deny absolutely the right of divorce and remarriage."

As he sees it, then,

"A church may seek to maintain its own moral idealism by refusing to lend its offices to the solemnization of a marriage of divorced persons.

"That is a matter of ethical policy for the church, but those Protestant churches which decline to perform such ceremonies do not disavow by dismissal the Christian character of divorced persons married elsewhere. Hence the Protestant position is that divorce is a morally justifiable institution.

"This seems true to the temper of Jesus, for He tested marriage like all other institutions by the principle of reverence for personality, and there are situations in which divorce is necessary to salvage the wreckage of a home."

Granting that motherhood is the crowning consummation of womanly experience, Dr. Sockman holds that it need not be the all-consuming activity of her being. With all the avenues of life open to her now, he maintains that "her right of self-realization demands control of the birth-rate."

He sees a sharpened awareness of the inhumanity of unlimited childbirth to both mother and offspring:

"Our age is rebelling against the cruelty of bringing children into home conditions inadequate for their nurture.

"The task of moral guides is to promote intelligent and healthy control of the birth-rate among those classes of society which need it most. The situation now is that the well-to-do practise birth control while the poor do not; and Bertrand Russell makes a pertinent observation when he criticizes the prohibition of pamphlets on the subject among the poor while the rich have available their expensive volumes."

WHETHER motherhood is a full-time employment is another question with which Dr. Sockman deals. He appreciates the argument that the woman of talent should leave the work of nurturing her children and keeping her home to some one trained in these lines, but he says that the social workers of our cities "bear ample testimony to the general ill effects of maternal employment outside the home."

While motherhood seems for a few years at least a full-time job, it is not necessarily, he believes, a lifetime's sole occupation. As he sees it, then,

"For the sake of their children as well as themselves, mothers should supplement the exacting early years of child nurture with later years of other useful endeavor.

"The most restless and discontented area of American womanhood to-day is the middle-aged group of the well-to-do, whose children, if they have any, no longer demand their time and whose energies are therefore unchanneled. The futilities in which such persons often fritter away their time and the consequent lack of contentment are among our most immoral wastes of womanhood. For such women to go forth into remunerative and competitive business is unnecessary, and therefore socially undesirable, but the fields of artistic development, of community improvement, of religious activity offer the opportunity to round out motherhood into woman's most satisfying career.

"Not only do these cultural interests of middle age enrich the contribution of a mother to her children, but does not the experience of motherhood deepen the insight of the sculptress, add something to the interpretation of the singer, and clarify the view-point of the voter? This latter is a side of the picture which should have more study.

"By a more intelligent integration of interests the mothers of to-morrow can escape the slavery of child-bearing without shirking its responsibilities. They will see that in homes where

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children are not too numerous and mothers not too burdened, maternity does not need to mean, as often in the past, a dwindling of mate love.

"They will realize that while sacrifice for the child contributes to their own self-realization, nevertheless sacrifice carried to the point of mental impoverishment means robbing the offspring of its rightful heritage.

"They will come more fully to comprehend that woman is capable of combining mother love, mate love, and intellectual activity, and by the combination each element is enriched."

WOMAN'S entrance into the larger sphere of life is recognized by Dr. Sockman as just and earned, but he counsels that collective action to secure her rights should not be made on the basis of sex. That, he says, would mean only a return to the sex self-consciousness which marked the general enfranchisement of woman and a flare-up of the "new masculinism" among our "intellectuals."

As a balance to her activities, Dr. Sockman urges that "the view of far horizons must alternate with the warm intimacies of close contacts." Woman, he finds, has, until recently, kept too much to the nest. But—

"Now in the early enthusiasms of her emancipation the tendency of the better educated woman is perhaps to stay too much aloft. The excessive fear of being domestic or provincial is leading many to sacrifice local loyalties for the sake of large outlooks. They must not forget that the soil of society is made most productive by the intensive cultivation of local areas, and that the large patterns of social righteousness are, after all, a mosaic of redeemed homes and beautified communities."

Too Many Ministers

THE seminaries are producing too many ministers.

Unemployment is becoming a problem in the theological field.

This startling announcement comes from the president of an institution that has produced preachers for many years.

And President F. C. Eiselen, of Garrett Biblical Institute, at Evanston, Illinois, as *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) tells us further, states that hereafter admission to the institute will be greatly restricted.

"It is not merely a question of improving the quality of candidates, tho of course that is important," says the Chicago weekly; "but also of reducing the quantity."

Once it was innocently supposed, we are told, that the shortage of ministers in any denomination could be determined by subtracting the number of ministers from the number of churches as enumerated in the denominational statistics, and of course by that method of computation there always was a shortage.

"But when the young seminary graduate went out to find and fill one of the two or three thousand vacancies which had been alleged to exist, his trouble began.

"The surplus churches turned out to be congregations of forty members, or thirty or twenty, or any other number down to two, with a total budget for the year that would not pay the grocery bill of the most abstemious preacher for six weeks.

"That sort of church may count as one in the year-book, but it is not a vacant pulpit clamoring for a preacher.

"Many factors contribute to diminish the number of churches, chief among them being the abandonment of rural churches, for which there is no longer a need, and the union of village and town churches, which have hitherto maintained a precarious competitive existence. Both of these are beneficial influences.

"The Methodists have a keener conscience than most denominations about placing their preachers, and it is natural that the movement toward restricting the number trained to the number that can be placed should originate among them. In some denominations ministerial unemployment is a serious problem."

"Opium" Still Used in Russia

IF RELIGION IS THE OPIATE of the people, as the Russian Communists claim, the opium is still available in Russia, despite reports to the contrary.

For Harold Butcher reports in *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty* that he went to church in Moscow and Leningrad and found large congregations of devout people.

It is true that many churches have been closed, he says; true that many have been destroyed; but it is not true that nobody can go to church any more in Russia.

One may follow his faith in Russia so long as he does not use it as a cloak to cover anti-Soviet activities, found Mr. Butcher in a non-conducted tour. But,

Ewing Galloway photograph

Tho Officials Scoff, Religion is Not Yet Dead in Russia

"If a man's religion is interpreted by the secret police as a blind to cover his counter-revolutionary activity, he may suffer execution or imprisonment.

"If a man likes to go to church and say his prayers, the authorities smile at his credulity and tolerate his devotion.

"But if he uses his religion to stir up people against the Government, he may be shot.

"The maintenance of the State is the important thing in the Soviet Union; individuals who hinder the well-being or plot the undoing of the State will suffer. But they suffer as political offenders and not as followers of religion.

"If their religion demands their entry into politics, they become martyrs, in the eyes of the Church, but they die as counter-revolutionaries, in the eyes of the State. This has been true ever since the early Christians refused to burn incense to Cæsar; it is not peculiar to modern Russia.

"On Red Square, the Cathedral of St. Basil, built by Ivan the Terrible, in the sixteenth century, to commemorate the conquest of Kazan, has been turned into a museum; the same is true of I do not know how many other churches and cathedrals.

"If it is a sin to close any church or to divert it to other than sacred use, then the Soviet Government is guilty of many sins—as many as King Henry VIII of England when he closed monasteries and churches, seized money and jewels for his own use and for the founding of schools, and gave away church property to his courtiers."

Yet, notwithstanding that many have been closed, Moscow is

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simply cluttered with churches, reports Mr. Butcher, and he says it is possible to close many more and still leave enough for those who wish to attend.

In Leningrad Mr. Butcher attended service in Kazan Cathedral, and he reports:

"The cathedral was the scene of quiet and varied activity. To the accompaniment of the service, men and women visited various parts of the building, prayed before icons, and left lighted candles after their prayers.

"One day I entered the home of a man and his wife in a building of workers' apartments. One of the first things I saw was an icon in the corner of the sitting-room. And another in the bedroom. Two icons in a worker's home attached to a government factory! 'I do not believe in them any more,' said the man, 'but I like to have them there.'

"And no rule or regulation made by the Government stood in the way of his wish. He was not a counter-revolutionary. He was a man who still found some satisfaction in religious objects. And he was free to seek that satisfaction in religion, if he pleased."

Let Me Keep Lent

By Elizabeth Badley Read

LET me keep Lent,
Let me not kneel and pray,
Forego some trifle every day,
Fast . . . and take Sacrament . . .
And then
Lend tongue to slander, hold ancient grudge, deny
The very Lord Whom I would glorify.

Let me keep Lent,
Let my heart grow in grace,
Let Thy light shine till my illumined face
Shall be a testament
Read by all men
That Hate is buried, Self, crucified—new-born
The spirit that shall rise on Easter morn.

—*Good Housekeeping, New York.*

The New World's Gift of Life to the Old World

"HUMAN LIFE THROWN AWAY everywhere!" It was an appalled German officer speaking to an American on a train of the Bagdad Railway.

He had just come from the interior, where he had seen the most terrible sights of his life, and, as a soldier, he had seen many.

"Hundreds of people walking over the mountains, driven by soldiers. Many dying by the roadside. Little children, too feeble to walk, strapped to the sides of donkeys. Babies lying dead in the road."

It was Armenia on the march to death—extermination en masse by order of the Turkish Government, over the protest of even the German missionaries, who threw up their hands in horror at the inhuman order.

At length, the German Government, which had at first endorsed the execution, remonstrated, in a note to the German Ambassador to Turkey, on August 9, 1915, against this martyrdom of a people.

Perhaps the story of that wholesale massacre, of how Ambassador Henry R. Morgenthau appealed to America to help, and of how that help was given to save the paltry remnant of a nation, is not forgotten.

BUT it may be told again, no less as a grim reminder of that great tragedy which darkens the pages of modern history than as a pleasant memento of the greatest work of relief undertaken in any age. We have it in "The Story of Near East Relief, 1915-1930" (The Macmillan Company), by James L. Barton, foreign secretary of the American Board of Commissioners, and chairman of the Near East Relief. The book has an introduction by former President Calvin Coolidge, and is dedicated to that vast company which shared in the humanitarian enterprise.

It is a significant detail of this story of human salvage that when, on September 16, 1915, a volunteer committee was formed in response to the cry of distress from Armenia, it began with the remote hope of raising $100,000 for relief in Turkey and adjacent countries.

It has collected and administered $116,000,000.

Millions who thought themselves deserted by humanity found that it kept the faith, and it must forever be a pleasant memory to know that 132,000 orphan children were saved from the scythe of war and returned to the arts of peace. How many found peace in nameless graves or whose bones lie uncovered on desolate hills will be known only in the last numbering of the dead.

Those who contributed will learn in this book that never was money better spent, that never was aid more timely.

The scenes of the relief activities, we read, were laid far and wide. They were scattered across the vast area from Constantinople on the west to Teheran in eastern Persia, and from the Caucasus Mountains and the Black Sea on the north to the Mediterranean and Egypt on the south, reaching within the borders of Arabia.

FROM east to west the distance, as the airplane flies, was more than 2,000 miles, and from north to south 1,300 miles, including some of the most politically, religiously, and racially disturbed areas of the world.

The territory comprised twelve countries—Greece, Bulgaria, and Turkey; Armenia, Georgia, and Azerbaijan in the Caucasus; Russia, Persia, Irak, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt—each with its own flag and its independent government, and extending into three continents—Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Much has been written of the moving horrors of those days when civilization itself seemed to collapse, and man's only aim was to destroy. But there is, too, the epic of relief. Lest we forget, then, a part of this epic should be set down here:

"Nearly a thousand men and women have served the relief causes overseas during the fifteen years.

"Twenty-six have died since September, 1915. Four missionaries, who died accompanying the refugees in their flight during the dark months of despair, when no word reached the outside world, are added to the honor roll. Many others who did not make the supreme sacrifice have been broken in health as a result of service that transcended personal consideration.

"There was no place of duty that did not have its attendant peril. The challenge of the most dangerous tasks, whether in the midst of disease or war, was answered by eager volunteers.

"Under conditions of war, pestilence, and hunger, hundreds of relief workers, and several times their number of native co-operators, quietly and without ostentation, went about their daily tasks.

"They ministered to the sick and the suffering with food and medicines when they had them. They gave hope and comfort to those in despair. The dead they buried, the sick they segregated and served, and the well they set to work. When they themselves were stricken, they were cared for by their associates, and when they died of some dread disease, they were buried as the rest; the lines closed up, and the work went on.

"Many medals for heroism are worn to-day for deeds which required far less sustained courage and daring. The relief workers remained on duty because theirs were posts of service. They gave themselves with abandon to the task in hand and demonstrated the value of devotion to the cause of alleviating human distress and answering the call of the abandoned child. The service rendered across the years and in every country of the Near East by these men and women can be best characterized by a reverential reference to the greatest son of the Near East—it was 'Christlike.'"

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Four-Legged Humans

THEY ARE ALL PRETTY YOUNG; in fact, we all crawled about on all fours once upon a time.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, the anthropologist, believes this mode of progression to be a relic of our prehuman days, especially when it is not done on hands and knees, but actually on hands and feet. He has written about it a book entitled "Children Who Run on All Fours" (Whittlesey House).

Meet Susie

Sometimes called "Spider." Susie and her brother Harold and a boy cousin all ran on all fours like animals when they were babies. Two neighbor children did the same.

Dr. Hrdlicka first called attention to this matter in an article reproduced in THE DIGEST on March 10, 1928; and in the communications from the parents of "quadrimembral" infants, as he calls them, that he quotes in his book, it interests us to find that it is this reproduction in our pages, rather than the original article, that is generally referred to.

Other prehuman habits have been retained in our babyhood, Dr. Hrdlicka thinks, such as rolling and "swimming" motions, squatting, bouncing, and tiptoeing; but the four-footed method of progress is what he believes most worthy of study. He writes:

"Walking on all fours is according to all indications a functional manifestation of such a deep-set nature that its hereditary transmission can not be questioned.

"But inheritance and its physical or functional manifestations are two widely different matters.

"In the evolutionary progress of organisms, ancestral inheritances do not disappear suddenly, but rather by a gradual and, at times, very slow weakening or submergence. Such inheritances, it can readily be understood, will not manifest themselves according to the regular laws of the more active inheritances, but only on favorable occasions, when freed for a time from inhibitive factors, or when incidentally strengthened.

"All of us, in all probability, carry masked inheritances of which we know nothing, for they have never in our lives, and perhaps even in those of our parents, come to a definite manifestation.

"Moreover, the rôle of heredity in the cases here considered is not easily determined. In some there are strong indications that heredity does play an important part; in others, there are apparently none.

"We are confronted here with the serious factors of imperfect knowledge and memory. Who of the readers of this does know by himself or herself just what they did in infancy?

"In many cases those who could tell are either gone or have forgotten. Not seldom the family 'thought nothing' of one or the other of these procedures, and so there was little to fix the remembrance of it in their mind; or other children came and the memories were confused; or the reporter was shy of acknowledging some of these peculiarities, and so the record is lost also. Besides all of which, heredity does not always work regularly or affect all individuals."

AFTER due deliberation, however, the author arrives at the following conclusions:

"The predisposition to the progression on all fours, preceding the walking erect, is, in all probability, still universal in the human infant.

"It is a weakened but apparently still a continued inheritance from the prehuman past.

"It manifests itself occasionally and irregularly under favorable conditions."

HE goes on to say that an analysis of the data at hand shows that most frequently the phenomenon manifests itself between seven and twelve months, and continues:

"The earliest reported age at which the practise began was five and one-half months in a boy, five months in a girl, while the latest beginning was at four years in a boy, fourteen months in a girl.

"The average duration of the all-fours walk was approximately four months, in both sexes. The shortest more definitely reported periods of the practise were one month in a boy, two weeks in a girl; the longest, exclusive of any other locomotion, one year and two months in a boy, and nine months in a girl."

Children who become walkers on all fours, it seems, far from being degenerates and weaklings, are generally healthier and stronger than the average. In fact:

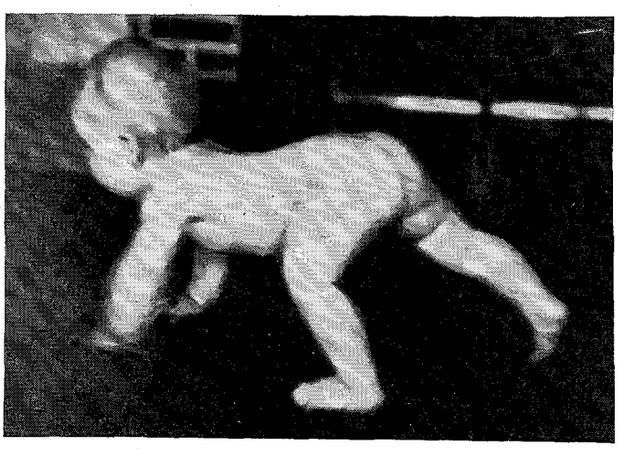
"It is, indeed, a cause for congratulation rather than for apprehension to see the appearance of such a 'little bear' in the family, for it seems to be a token of health, sturdiness and life assurance. No wonder that an intelligent father says 'we hoped he [the second child] would run on all fours, too.'

"The human infant is no being apart.

"He is a direct continuation of his parents, just as these were of their parents, and so on to the earliest humans, who in turn were a direct product of forms prehuman. And in geological and paleontological time it is not so long ago that the human connected directly with prehuman stages.

"As a result of this, there are in the human body, bones, blood, brain; in human functions, and even in human mentality, innumerable remnants or reminiscences of the far past. We still have hair and beard; in many humans there is still remaining more or less of the old animal obliquity of the eyes; we still have the canine teeth, which occasionally show sufficient prominence over the rest of the denture to be called 'dog teeth.'

"There are still on all our fingers as well as toes the nails, a modification of the original claws: we still have under our skin



Catherine, One of the "Little Bears"

Who run on all fours instead of creeping on hands and knees. She has blue eyes and golden hair, "has never been sick," is "unusually strong," and has "a perfect disposition," says her mother.

the old ear muscles that were needed in some of our faraway animal predecessors for the movements of their ears, and there are under the skin of the neck remains of the platysma muscle, which was used in the animal past for shaking the skin and thus freeing it from flies; there are at different periods of our development as individuals traces of long-lost gills, tail, and other structures; our essential functions are so much like those of

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many animals that we are actually using animal digestives and extracts for supplementing the occasional want of such substances in our system; and on closer analysis it is readily appreciated that many of our nervous and even mental reactions and actions are of a far-away, prehuman origin.

"With all this it is not strange, indeed, that the human infant will show now and then running on on all fours or some other animal-like manifestation. The wonder is that in the majority of human children these have already been more or less covered and replaced by those of more recent acquisition.

"It is very doubtful, in fact, whether we are justified even in regarding such habits as that on all fours, or the tendency to climbing, or prehensility of toes, as 'atavisms.' More strictly they are but a continuation of prehuman practises; a continuance that has already become weakened and irregular, but which has not been preceded as in the case of true atavisms by any period during which the manifestation appeared to be completely eliminated."

A Promising Helicopter

A FLYING-MACHINE that can rise and descend vertically has been earnestly sought by inventors for many years.

Such a machine could take off and land on a very small space, and vast flying-fields with long runways would be unnecessary.

Its owner could keep it in his own back yard.

According to an article in *Mechanical Engineering* (New York), there seems reason to believe that such a machine has at last been produced. Says this magazine:

"The D'Ascanio helicopter, which is still in the experimental stage, is said to have already accomplished several successful flights.

"If the information published concerning these flights is true, we are on the eve of a very remarkable development in aerial navigation.

"According to the description given in a British aeronautical publication, the machine is a single-seater weighing about 1,750 pounds and equipped with 95-horse-power engine. It has already flown in a closed circuit of one kilometer (3/5 mile), which less than thirty years ago was to be the test of the feasibility of heavier-than-air flying. It remained in the air for 8 minutes, 45 seconds, and what is still more striking, the helicopter carried out evolutions in all directions inside the airship hangar at the Ciampino Nord Aerodrome, remaining aloft for several minutes.

"During some of the tests the pilot let go all controls and the machine remained perfectly steady.

"Some years ago *Mechanical Engineering* devoted a special article to the subject of the helicopter, describing several attempts abroad as well as three American developments, among these being the Berliner machine and the one built under the direction of DeBothezat, at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, at the expense of the United States Army.

"Since then there have been several important attempts to solve this difficult problem, the work of Brennan of gyro-monorail fame on behalf of the British Air Ministry having received particular publicity.

"A machine that can fly in the restricted space of a hangar is truly a mechanical bird, and its ability to land within extremely restricted fields may prove to be exceedingly valuable in future development of aviation. There has been already published a statement, probably premature, that Pope Pius XI proposes to order several D'Ascanio helicopters for use by the Vatican Air Service, as the ground area available does not permit the employment of ordinary planes.

"In this connection it is worth while to call attention to the progress that has been made with the autogyro, which is a transition form between the airplane and the helicopter, tho lying closer to the former than the latter.

"We have already learned some useful aerodynamic facts from the autogyro which appear to be applicable to the conventional airplane.

"If the D'Ascanio helicopter proves to be able to travel at a sufficiently high speed, it may be the very thing that the world is looking for in its quest for a three-dimensional method of transportation."

How to Keep from Catching Cold

NINE rules for avoiding colds have been published by the American Medical Association, as compiled by Mr. James J. King. Colds in America probably cause, Mr. King asserts, a loss of more than a billion dollars a year.

This would arouse instant alarm if it happened in the stock market, but the country allows it to go on year after year virtually unchecked. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"The first rule, Mr. King states, is to 'keep all the organs working normally,' and it is to help do this that his other eight rules are devised.

"'Get plenty of sunshine and fresh air,' is the second rule.

"The third is to 'eat sufficient and proper food.'

"The fourth is to dress properly, but not in clothes that are too thick or heavy.

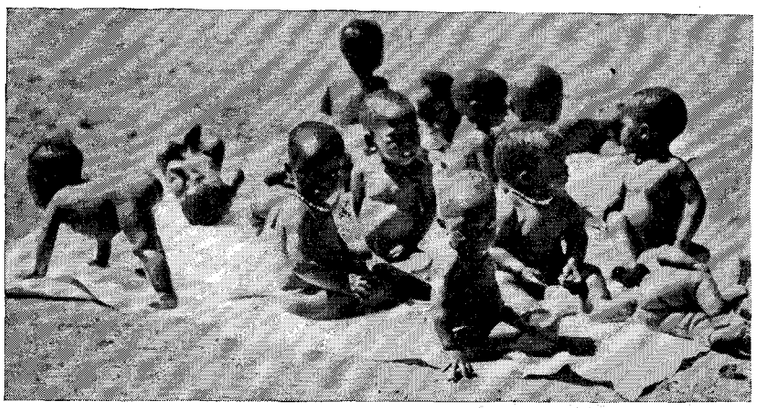
"The fifth rule is to keep the body clean, especially the hands, as this tends to avoid infection by germs.

"The sixth rule is to 'eliminate the body poisons through bowels, kidneys, and lungs.'

"The seventh, probably least known of all to the average layman, is to get rid of any chronic germ infections of mouth, teeth, gums, or throat. These frequently result, Mr. King states, in starting new colds.

"The eighth principle is that the special vaccines recently developed for preventing colds may be useful for people who are especially susceptible.

"The ninth rule is to consult a physician promptly and frequently in the early stages of a cold, so that the infection may be kept as mild as possible."



Negro Children at Johannesburg, South Africa

The one at the left demonstrating man's early imitation of the animal kingdom.

No Danger from Alaskan Mosquitoes

REPORTS that an Arctic mosquito breeding in icy-cold water, close to snow and ice, may be transplanted to the United States, where it would introduce a breed which would be with us at all seasons, are pronounced unfounded by a correspondent of THE DIGEST, Mr. G. L. Fisher, of Ketchikan, Alaska. A writer quoted in these pages in December warned us that "some day an explorer's ship or airplane may bring down to us a family of them, and then we shall have them as an all-year pest." But Mr. Fisher reassures us:

"The mosquito season of Alaska covers the period from May to September, and they breed mostly in the interior, very few being found on the coast. They are found in myriads well into the Arctic Circle, but do not breed in icy-cold water adjacent to snow and ice, for the Arctic summer is hot, breeding-pools being often milk-warm, and the summer sun lasting from eighteen to twenty-three hours—the temperature often reaching the nineties; consequently, one may see that ideal breeding conditions exist. As soon as a little cool weather comes in September they disappear."

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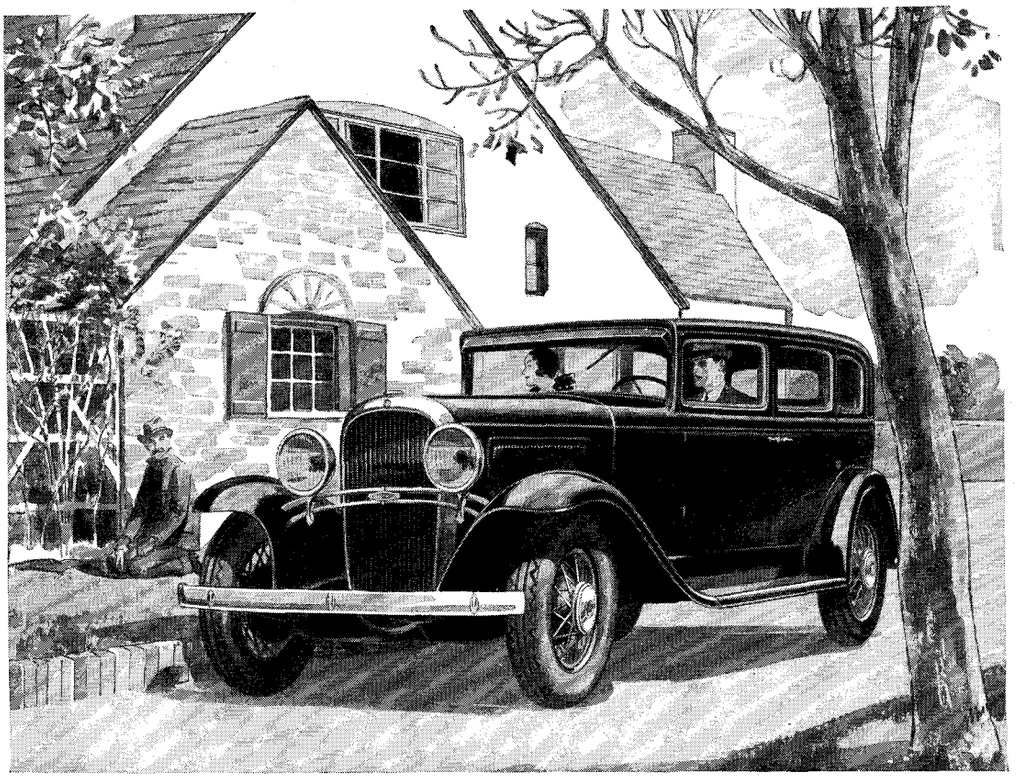

These NEW FEATURES MAKE OLDSMOBILE'S LOWER PRICES STILL MORE IMPRESSIVE

Lower price is just one of a number of important things you should know about the new Oldsmobile. For, in spite of the fact that Oldsmobile now costs less to buy, its substantially lower price brings *added fine-car features* as well as time-proved quality.

New down-draft carburetion gives increased power—with higher speed, faster acceleration, and greater smoothness. It also assures instantaneous starting, even at zero temperature. And a new carburetor-silencer contributes to quieter operation at all speeds.

Further, Oldsmobile now gives you the famous Syncro-Mesh transmission—a feature heretofore found only in higher priced cars. This means that you can drive the new Oldsmobile without fear of gear-clashing. Every shift, including the change from high back to second, can be made quickly, easily, and silently. And a new Quiet Second Gear, added to Oldsmobile's transmission, assures smooth, swift acceleration which rivals high gear performance in quietness.

In addition, Oldsmobile's new insulated Fisher bodies are warmer in winter, cooler in summer and remarkably quiet. Fundamental advancements in construction add to strength and serviceability. And smart new tailoring and appointments, with optional upholstery in mohair or whipcord, add to the attractiveness and luxury of the new Fisher body interiors.

These many fine-car features, and others which you will see when you examine the new Oldsmobile, are important factors in judging value. And they become doubly important when you discover this fact . . . that no other car priced near the new Oldsmobile offers them all.

OLDSMOBILE

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When Germ Eats Germ

ACCORDING TO THE ENGLISH CLASSIC:

"Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,

And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum.*"

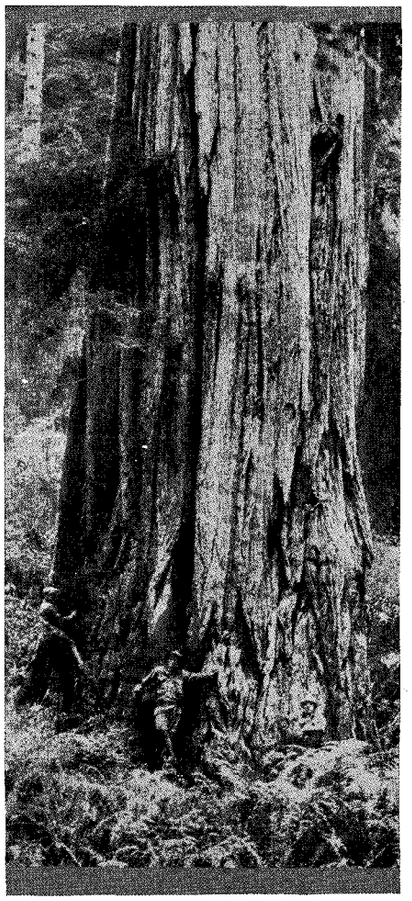
This principle of "dog eat dog," which has been long employed in both the animal and vegetable world to get rid of injurious parasites by "sicking" enemy parasites on them, may now be employed against the germs of disease.

The "bacteriophage," or germ-eater, that destroys the germ of dysentery has been known for some time, and now we have another that annihilates the germ responsible for boils and abscesses. To quote a recent press bulletin from a well-known New York laboratory:

"Dr. John F. Anderson, director of the biological and research laboratories of E. R. Squibb & Sons, and for many years in the U. S. Public Health Service, now announces that after more than a year of research and investigation, the particular parasitic enemy for boils, carbuncles, and abscesses has been found, and this modern method of treating them has been perfected. Dr. Anderson says:

"'The "phage" that has attracted most attention in this country is the Staphylococcus bacteriophage. Staphylococcus is the organism that is responsible for almost all varieties of boils, carbuncles, and abscesses. The new bacteriophage is a parasite of the Staphylococcus, which grows in or on the bacteria and finally destroys them.

"'If a drop of the "phage" is added to a culture of Staphylococcus, the bacteria are killed and dissolved, and the culture becomes sterile. If a drop of this dissolved culture is added to the fresh Staphylococcus culture, the same thing takes place. This process can be carried on indefinitely. In other words, the bacteriophage reproduces itself in causing the destruction of the bacteria on which it grows. The dissolved culture contains bacteriophage in a concentration so great that one-billionth of a cubic centimeter will cause destruction of a culture.'"



Courtesy of *American Forests and Forest Life*

Mere Man Is Dwarfed

These men are above the average in size, yet they look like pigmies against the giant Redwood trunk.

Get a Coon to Solve Your Puzzles

THE RACCOON NURSES NO AMBITION to become a vaudeville performer, and yet he can perform feats that would surprize one unfamiliar with his abilities, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Dr. William McDougall, professor of psychology at Duke University, with his son Kenneth recently performed some experiments on a young raccoon to find whether this animal is capable of foresight. He believes that the results show clearly that the animal can plan ahead to a certain extent, and work at a task for the sake of the reward that awaits his success. Says *The Bulletin:*

"The psychologist made a box a foot and a half long and trained the raccoon to look there for food. Then he put a latch on the box, pivoted on a screw so that a light push in the right direction would release the lid. After trying in vain for a few seconds to push up the latched lid, the raccoon opened the latch and secured the food.

"Then, one by one, other latches were added.

"Each new latch in the series held the one attached previously, so that each had to be released, in order, before the next could be moved. Even when a complicated series of twenty-four latches, reaching all around the box, was in place, the raccoon was able to manipulate the lot, and open the box in but a few seconds.

"After the first few attempts, she never tried to reach the food directly, but went to work at once on the latches. When some of the series were left open, she would look at them without touching them, and go at once to those which were closed.

"In other experiments, Dr. McDougall discovered that a raccoon would pull up a string in order to secure meat tied on the end of it and out of reach, and that she learned not to pull up the same string when only a block of wood was tied to it.

"And when the chain with which she was fastened was looped about a post in such a way as to keep her from reaching her food, she would recognize the obstacle and pull up the post, sometimes without even first straining toward the meat.

"'This behavior,' Dr. McDougall states in a report which will be published in a forthcoming issue of *The Journal of Comparative Psychology*, 'affords, I suggest, sure evidence that foresight of the result of action governs and directs the action. There seems to be no other intelligible and intelligent interpretation.'"

Twenty Houses in One Tree

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD occasionally reaches a diameter of twenty feet at about five feet from the swelling nearer the ground. Reports of even larger trees are common, but too frequently their dimensions shrink when large buttresses, bumps, or root swellings are discounted.

It is of particular interest, writes Emanuel Fritz in *American Forests* (Washington), to look over the dimensions of what is actually a twenty-foot tree, and to learn what an inconceivably large amount of lumber such a tree might yield. We read:

"Recently, Capt. A. W. Elam, a forest engineer of Humboldt County, California, came across a large and particularly fine tree while cruising on the company's holdings. His report created so much interest among his employers that he was instructed to make careful measurements of the tree, even tho it was in a remote portion of the property.

"He found this tree to be 308 feet high, and to have a diameter of twenty feet, measured five feet above the ground. The bark measured eleven inches in thickness, leaving the diameter of the woody portion eighteen feet, two inches.

"Captain Elam's tree is not unusual as to height; a number of individual trees have been measured by foresters and lumbermen that greatly exceed 300 feet, but they lack the diameter and gentle taper of the tree here described. For example, one tree recently measured by engineers of the Pacific Lumber Company was found to have a height of 364 feet, but its diameter was only twelve feet.

"Particularly remarkable is the fulness of the trunk of the Humboldt County tree. The taper from the ground is so slight, that at a point 230 feet from the ground the diameter is still over twelve feet. Up to this point the tree would give fourteen logs, each of the standard sixteen-foot length.

"If the tree is perfectly sound throughout, these fourteen logs should yield the astounding total of over 360,000 board feet of merchantable lumber—sufficient for the lumber requirements of twenty-two average homes. Captain Elam made allowance for some breakage in falling, and for the heavy bark.

"Many years ago a large church was built in Santa Rosa, California, every stick of which is said to have been cut from the same tree. Not long ago, a scaler, measuring the logs on a recently felled tract, found portions of it to contain as much as 1,000,000 board feet an acre.

"This figure may mean very little to one not accustomed to estimating timber, but, when it is recalled that very little timber in the eastern United States and many portions of the West will average 25,000 board feet an acre over large areas, it is easy to visualize such an acre of redwood as equivalent to forty good acres elsewhere, or to see in Captain Elam's one tree the equivalent of nearly fifteen acres of rather good eastern timber."

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In selecting a Used Car . . . the dealer you buy from should be Your First Consideration

AT NO TIME are care and foresight more likely to yield big dividends than during the selection of a used car. If your choice is a wise one, outstanding value is certain to result—for today's used car prices are exceedingly moderate.

The surest guide to value in a used car is the dealer you buy from—for it is to him that you must look for your assurance of satisfaction.

Careful consideration of this fact is causing more and more people in every community to buy their used cars from Cadillac-La Salle dealers.

There are many reasons why the used car buyer can feel perfectly confident when he does business with a Cadillac-La Salle dealer.

Cadillac-La Salle dealers are, first of all, men of the highest commercial responsibility—men whose word is as good as a written guarantee. Their statement as to the condition of a used car may be accepted as absolute fact—and they stand ready to see to it that your car renders the service you have been led to expect.

Furthermore, the quality of their used cars is exceptional—for a very definite reason. Cadillac-La Salle cars are bought by the finest type of motorists, and the cars which they turn in usually have had exceptional care. A surprising percentage of them have been chauffeur driven, and are in excellent condition.

Cadillac-La Salle dealers are also able to offer their used cars at unusual prices. The exceptional appeal of a new Cadillac or a new La Salle makes it unnecessary for the dealer to allow a premium on the car being traded in.

Your own judgment will confirm all this. Simply consult your Cadillac-La Salle dealer about your next used car. The character of his organization, his place of business, the quality of the used cars he has for sale—all will tell you unmistakably that here is the logical place to buy.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CADILLAC · LA SALLE

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

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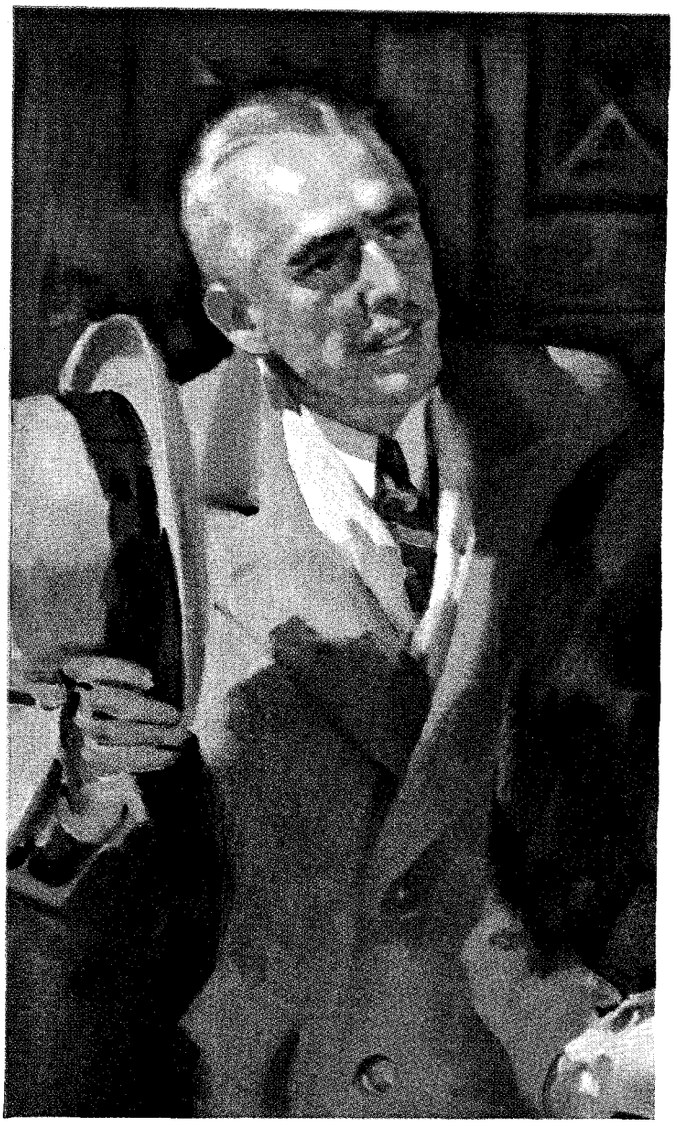
THE EIGHT



Buick builds an Eight for everybody . . . 4 series—all Straight Eights—al with Silent-Shift Syncro-Mesh Transmis sions—$1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Mich

When your family meets to decide upon a motor ca bear in mind that, whatever your income, Buick build a car for you.

And remember, also, that every one of Buick twenty-two models embodies the complete range c advantages which cause more people to buy Buick than all other eights in its price field combined.

You can buy any one of these fine cars and obtai the sparkling performance of Buick's powerful Valv in-Head Straight Eight engine—the added luxury an safety of the Silent-Shift Syncro-Mesh Transmission-

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AS BUICK BUILDS IT

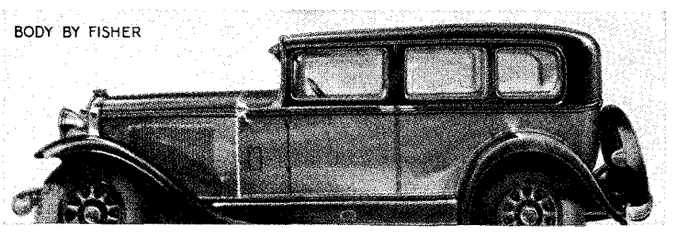
: increased sureness and roadability at all speeds, e to the Torque Tube Drive—and the greater com- 't of spacious bodies by Fisher, snugly insulated ıinst noise, heat and cold.

Moreover, you will obtain that basic soundness design, that extra stamina, which explains why so ny Buicks with more than 100,000 miles on the :edometer go on serving dependably, economically, ır after year.

Not only men and women who have long ored Buick, but thousands who formerly bought v-priced cars, as well as families accustomed to ying much more for their automobiles, *all* are :ning to this new Buick. Thus, with its four great Eights, Buick is sweeping aside the barriers of price class—winning the favor of fine, substantial people in every walk of life.

Your Buick dealer invites you to take the wheel of the Eight as Buick Builds It. You will find in any one of these new Straight Eights the fine qualities you have always wanted in a motor car, at the price you have planned to pay.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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FOR VALUE RECEIVED

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE will tell you that the biggest single service that five cents can buy today is a local telephone call. Without question, it is big value . . . and value that steadily grows as new telephones come into your neighborhood.

There are times when telephone service is priceless . . . when the ability to call instantly a doctor, a policeman, or the fire department could not be measured in terms of money.

But it is not alone the emergencies that give the telephone its value. There are the commonplaces of every-day conversation . . . in the home, the shop, the office . . . whenever you wish two-way communication with any one, almost anywhere.

The telephone has become such an every-day, matter-of-fact convenience—like running water and electricity—that it is natural to take it for granted. It is well to pause occasionally and consider the nation-wide organization of men, money, and materials that makes this vital service possible, and at such low cost.

Here is a system of the public, for the public . . . run on the barest margin of profit consistent with service, security, and expansion. A service that grows as the community grows . . . placing within the reach of an increasing number the means to talk back and forth with people in the next block, the next county, a distant state, a foreign country, or on a ship at sea!

No other money that you spend can bring you more actual value.

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

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Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THIS poem in Mr. Schauffler's "Hobnails in Eden" is, in his own admission, the best in the volume:

DRI-KI

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Dri-ki, waste of the deep woods, blown
  Down river and snarled on this lonely beach,
You are baked the hue of an Indian's bone
  That suns have taken their time to bleach:
    Corpses of root and bole and branch,—
    Spoil of the gale and the avalanch.

The lightning's axe roughed out your forms,
  To be smoothed by sand, chiselled by shale,
Battered and twisted and wrenched by storms,
  And cleft by a blow of the whirlpool's tail;
    Till out of this rubbish, wrought by chance,
    Grew shapes of beauty and fierce romance:

Wide-mawed serpents and fabulous beasts
  On a desolate shore, where the moonlight shivers
From dragon-wings poised over horrid feasts;
  Dinosaurs oozing from sluggish rivers,
    And every head that has tossed a horn
    Since the hour Actæon the stag was born.

Here is a filigreed cypress root,
  Light as a sketch from the burin of frost;
Here, a king at the scaffold's foot
  Gallantly quitting a world well lost;
    And there, still looking for golden cargo,
    The tranquil figurehead of the *Argo*.

II

Woods-word, vivid as rivermen's curses—
  Dri-ki, if everyone knew your sense,
What a title you'd made for a book of verses:
  Swept from the mind to the turbulence
    Of the swift creative river-reach—
    Then flung to rot on a lonely beach!

For what is man's art but dri-ki—crude
  Stuff torn up by a storm of passion,
Toned by the suns and the frosts of mood,
  Given the waves of thought to fashion,
    And formed afresh by the headlong, blind
    Torrents of the unknowing mind?

HERE is a version of the annunciation unpictured by the painters of the Renaissance, in *Poetry World* (New York):

THE RIGHT MARY

BY CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY

All the little Mary maids
  Were kneeling on the green.
For God was looking down from Heaven
  To choose Himself a queen.

There was Mary from the hill,
  Mary of the fold,
And Mary out of Herod's house,
  Whose dress was stiff with gold.

Mary down from Nazareth
  Bent lowlier than the rest
To nurse a little wounded bird
  That nestled in her breast.

Gabriel came across the grass
  That blossomed where he trod,
Diamond-white his helm and cloak,
  As fits a prince of God.

Like a silver bell his voice—
  Each lassie lent an ear,
Save Mary with the crippled bird,
  Who did not even hear.

Past their eager eyes he went
  To kiss her drooping head
And whisper so that only she
  Could hear the thing he said.

Luminous wings around her fell
  At the angel's word.
What was in your heart that day,
  Our Lady of the Bird?

Silently the Marys all
  Went home to hill or fold.
Princess Mary stamped her foot
  And tore her gown of gold.

But Mary down from Nazareth
  Still knelt upon the sod
And nursed the little wounded bird—
  She named it Child of God.

THIS in *The Stratford Magazine* (Boston) seems to summarize the three to four hundred pages of Fannie Hurst's last novel, "Back Street":

PORTRAIT OF A GRACIOUS LADY

BY MARION DOYLE

She drew the mantle of her love
  About his mental scars,
And lit the candles of her faith
  To guide his life as stars.
She took the fiber of his mind
  And labored to achieve
A miracle from shoddy stuff,
  But she could not retrieve
The lost and lovely tapestry
  That once had won her heart,
For years of selfishness and lust
  Had worn the threads apart.
Yet all the world had seen him walk
  In outward clarity,
Nor knew his ugliness was hid
  Beneath her charity.

IS the life of man held together from age to age by dream? Mr. Scruggs would say so in *The Southwest Review* (Dallas, Texas):

ONLY THE DREAM IS REAL

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

Only the dream is real. There is no plan
  Transcending even a rose's timid glory,
A cricket's summer song. The ways of man
  Are stupors of the flesh, and transitory.
There is no truth but dreams; yet man must spend
  His gift of quiet days in storm and stress,
Unheeding that a single breath will end
  With one swift stroke the hoax of worldliness.
Only the dream will last. Some distant day
  The wheels will falter, and the silent sun
Will see the last beam leveled to decay
  And all man's futile clangor spent and done.
Yet after brick and steel and stone are gone,
And flesh and blood are dust, the dream lives on.

A POEM from the Eskimo language is surely a novelty. The following is quoted from "N. by E.," by Rockwell Kent (Brewer and Warren):

TRANSCRIBED FROM ESKIMO BY KNUD RASMUSSEN

There is fear
in the longing for loneliness
when gathered with friends,
and longing to be alone.
Iyaiya-yaya!

There is joy
in the feeling of summer
come to the great world,
and watching the sun
follow its ancient way.
Iyaiya-yaya!

There is fear
in the feeling of winter
come to the great world
and watching the moon
now half-moon, now full,
follow its ancient way.
Iyaiya-yaya!

Whither is all this tending?
I would I were far to the eastward.
And yet I shall never again
Meet with my kinsman.
Iyaiya-yaya!

A VISION of the disappearance of the Red Man, carrying his mystery with him and leaving us to our loss, in *Westward* (San Francisco):

PHANTOMS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

BY VIRGINIA SPATES

They never paused upon their way,
Those phantom riders of the air,
Whose eagle feathers seemed to sway,
And gaudy weapons shot a flare

Of colors none had ever seen
This side of fabled dream. They made
No sound, but, cloud-like, passed between
Me and the sun they caused to fade.

Their journey was no small event:
Bronze faces, as they dimly shone
Above the trail, were gravely bent
Upon some vision of their own;

Perhaps that land of mystery
Towards which all travel unaware . . .
Strange that no other eye could see
Those silent warriors moving there!

But through a veil of shifting lights
That stained each cloud, I saw them go;
Their ponies climbing misty heights
By paths forbidden us to know.

THEY say the valentines of this year rioted in the comic; how different from the reputed origin, of which *Kaleidoscope* (Dallas) apprizes us:

IN EARLY CHRISTIAN HOME

BY MARIE GRIMES

February night and morn
  Dragged their weary sequence by;
When the fourteenth day was born,
  Valentine was doomed to die.

Prison walls are chill and gray
  To assuage a man's despair,
But he wore the hours away
  Fashioning with utmost care

Paper heart and rose and dove—
  Writing on each one a line
Burning bright with faith and love,
  Signing each, "Your Valentine."

On the day he came to die
  For a faith he would not yield,
Thus to his dear lady's eye
  Was his breaking heart revealed.

And a February day
  Was forever set apart,
When a lover dares to say
  All that smolders in his heart.

WHAT a St. Louis paper attempted in memory of Pavlowa *The Saturday Review* (London) also essays in verse:

PAVLOVA

BY E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

We that ne'er knew the crown of old Romance,
The pyrrhic or the naked Grecian dance,
Or Rome's boy darling of a day's event,
Who at Antibes has yet his monument,
Or that Camargo, whom the painter feigned
To draw in motion, with her arms unstrained,
Have in this later, inauspicious, time
Been thrilled to bliss by pagan pantomime;
Have seen mad Autumn shower the leaves of gold
In Bacchanal profusion overbold;
Have seen the expiring and immortal Swan
Preen on the rushy bank her plumage wan;
The Butterflies in chase, Armida's bower,
And the maid in the Phantom Rose's power.
Swifter than light she passed across our stage,
The ecstasy of an all-questioning age,
Swifter than light she passed, and still we held
In our dim minds her splendour undispelled.
Pavlova, passion transient, supreme,
Art thou departed, or do we but dream?

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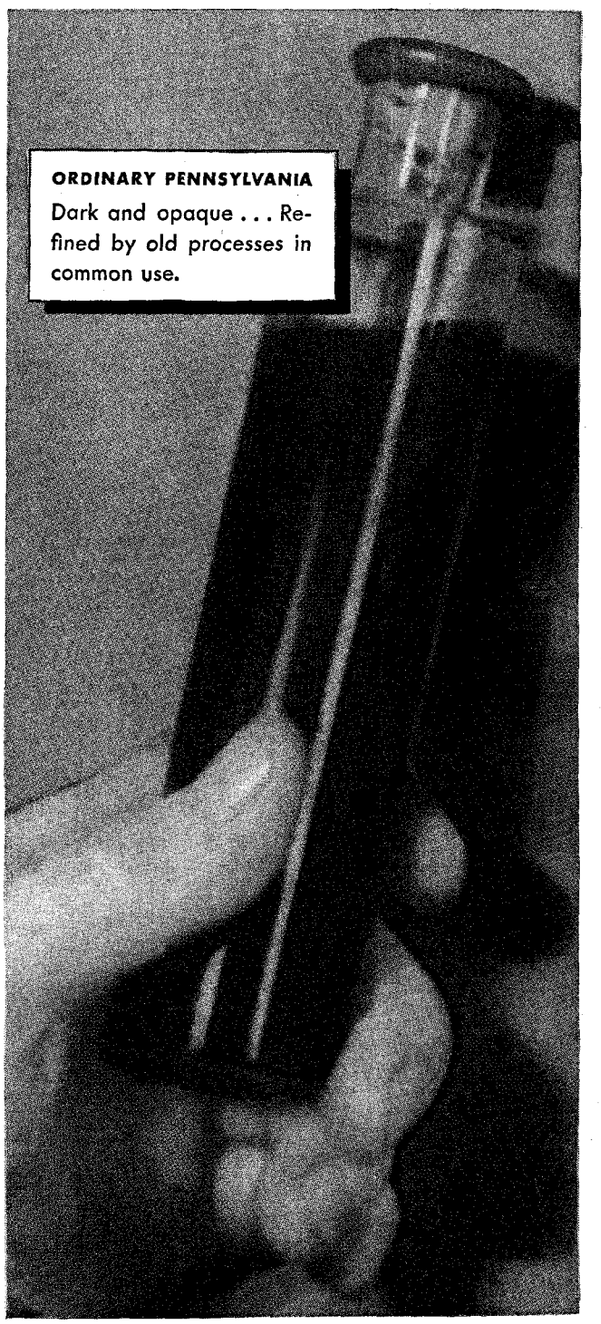

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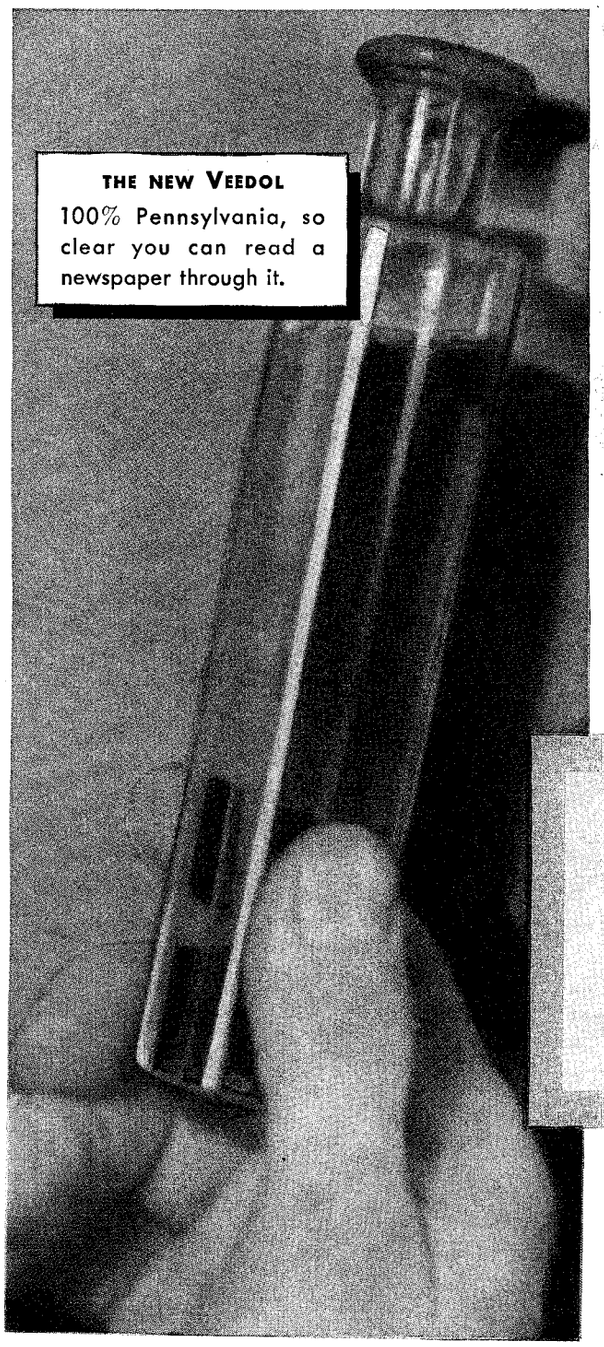

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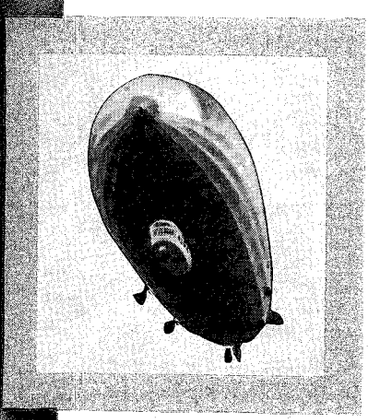

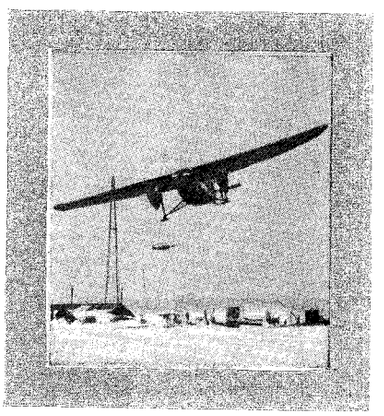

It's even better than the VEEDOL that circled the globe with the Graf, and sailed over the South Pole on the Byrd Expedition . . . the New VEEDOL . . . 100% Pennsylvania . . . made 100% better . . . without a price-premium.

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Love's Dream and Virtue's Reward in Penguin Land

PRICELESS PERCY, THE SHOWOFF, proudly postured before a circle of ardent admirers of his elegant costume and his even more elegant manners. This young man-about-town, we read, apparently believed "that his very presence must be a delight to all beholders." He was the living presentment, according to Cherry Kearton, of these famous lines from a poem well-known to all of us—

"I'm known round the town as a fearful Blood,
For I've come straight down from the dear old Flood."

But altho Priceless Percy's self-satisfaction seemed "to provide him with constant joy, it certainly did not give an equal amount of delight to the lady who—being his wife—was so unfortunate as to be constantly in his company. She, poor thing, must have got very tired of his antics; at least she gave that impression, and eventually she afforded ample proof of it."

Thus Mr. Kearton outlines a very common domestic situation for us in his entertaining new volume, "The Island of Penguins" (McBride). For Percy and Mrs. Percy turn out to be two of these strange birds that walk like humans, and, according to the author, show many other human characteristics.

Human? They Even Neck!

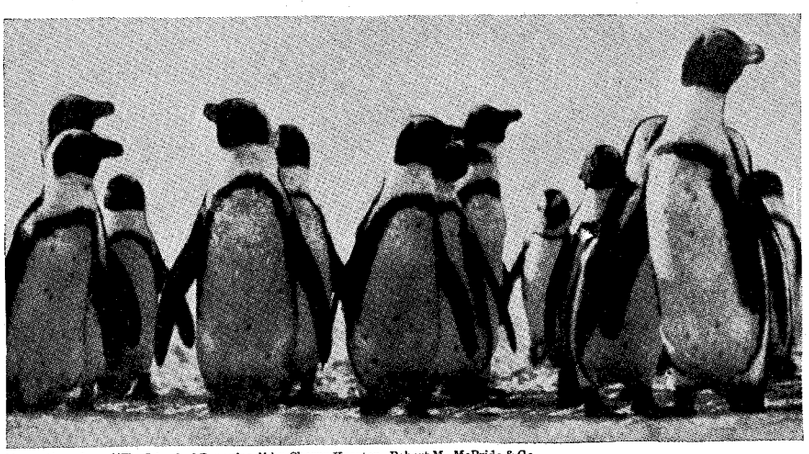
Mrs. Percy, we read on, "had no difficulty in finding a good excuse for not watching her husband, for a couple of eggs had recently arrived. But she made no attempt to hide her boredom, lying over the eggs with her back toward her husband and his group of admiring satellites."

But at last her superb self-control broke down, of which regrettable happening we are told:

She got up—and the fury that prompted her action can be guessed when it is realized that through it she must have forgotten that she was leaving her eggs—and, climbing out of the burrow, she rushed straight at her husband, caught him by the neck and gave him the hiding that he thoroughly deserved!

At the moment of her attack his back was turned to the nest, so that he could not have known who was his assailant. Nor did he wait to find out. The moment he got free, he rushed off as hard as he could—all the "swank," for the time being, thoroughly knocked out of him.

The audience, of course, scattered—it always does on such occasions, as our history books, in describing the fall of great men, frequently tell us. And it is probable that the next time the gentleman started to put on airs before that company, he was jeered at for his pains.



Illustrations from "The Island of Penguins," by Cherry Kearton, Robert M. McBride & Co.

"The Performers, in Their Dress-Suits, Make Their Bows"

Mr. Kearton's story of this bird nation recalls vividly Anatole France's famous novel, "Penguin Island," altho France's work was a satirical fable, while the present one is a contribution to natural history. The island is a small one of rock and sand, lying south of the Cape of Good Hope. It is the breeding-ground of penguins, and at the height of the mating season the bird community numbers no less than 5,000,000.

Many penguin couples are more happily married than Priceless Percy and his somewhat shrewish wife. In courtship and marriage these birds show strangely human qualities. Courtships, for example, often start at the bathing beach, as so often happens in the world of men. Young Beau Penguin preens himself, that he may look his best. Then, Mr. Kearton continues the romance:

He wanders through the crowd, eyes to right and eyes to left, until he stops, puts his head a little on one side, says to himself, no doubt: "Ah, that's a good-looking girl over there," and goes off, quickly, but not so quickly as to look undignified, in her direction.

The young thing on whom he cast his eye discreetly preens herself, and then still more discreetly becomes absorbed in the scenes immediately around her—taking no notice, of course, of her admirer.

But he is not to be put off by that kind of thing; he knows it is all a part of the game. He sidles up, walks round in a circle so that the object of his growing affection may have every opportunity of noticing the three-quarter view as you stand just behind him, of which he is justly proud, and then edges a little closer.

I imagine that thirty years ago the young lady penguin would have looked at the ground and have murmured, "Oh, but this is so sudden!"

Now, however, she does nothing of the sort. She looks up at Master Penguin, and having long ago made up her mind that he would do, she tilts her head on one side, and a few minutes later they "walk out" together.

There being no need nowadays to beat about the bush, they go straight to the nearest nesting-ground; but whatever ideas that may put into the head of Mr. P., the lady is not caught quite so easily as all that. There must, of course, be an engagement—the most enjoyable period of a young girl's life.

For several days the young swain has to show off, walking round and round, convincing the adored one of the permanency of his affection, as well as showing her what a remarkably fine fellow he is.

At last the fateful moment arrives. It comes apparently without warning, tho no doubt the future husband sees a new look of tenderness come into the eyes that are intently watching him. In any case, he suddenly goes closer and the two lovers kiss.

I mean that, quite literally. The beaks touch, and with necks outstretched and heads well up in the air, the birds rub their beaks against each other with a clicking noise. This lasts for ten or fifteen seconds; flippers are outstretched, and sometimes the husband in his ecstasy will embrace his wife with those flippers, clasping her beak in his all the time.

This picture of courtship recalls a most amusing story quoted

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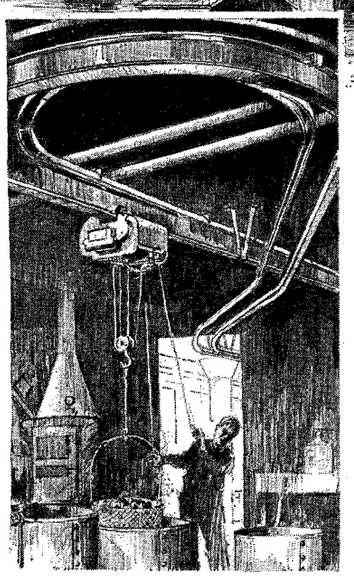

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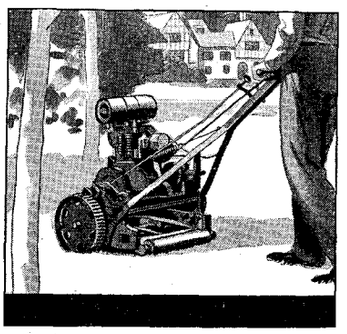

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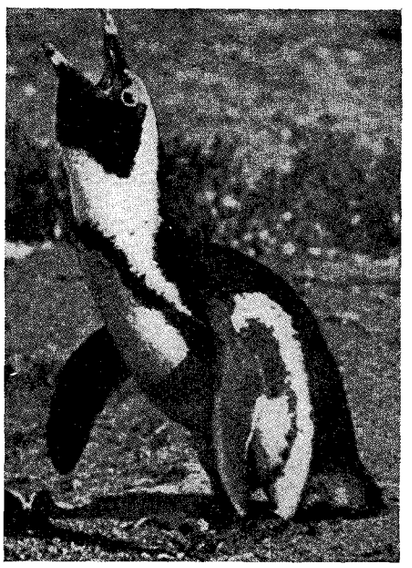
by Harry Hansen, in the late lamented New York *World*, from Robert Graves's "But It Still Goes On" (Cape and Smith), regarding a Dr. Wilson, "a quiet Scot with blue eyes," who later perished with the Scott Antarctic expedition. We read:

There was one great joke against Wilson which he could not live down. The expedition he had been with had once landed on an island inhabited entirely by penguins. They had never seen man before, and were without fear. Wilson and a few others went into the middle of the colony to watch their habits. They noticed that there were considerably more males than females among the birds, and that there was no promiscuity in mating; the pairs kept together throughout the breeding season. The method of courtship was curious. The male bird would take a stone in his beak and drop it at the feet of the female; and the female, if she approved of him as a mate, would pick it up and play about with it. Well, a male who had not yet succeeded in finding a female saw Wilson, was astonished, paused irresolutely, and then came toward him and dropt a stone at his feet.



The Local Rudy Vallee

But, returning to the happy couple of Penguin Island, let us watch them setting up housekeeping in a burrow. Says Mr. Kearton, continuing:

Mr. Penguin turns the first sod, to show his bride how strong and vigorous he is, and what a fine house it is going to be. He lies on his side, loosening the earth with a flipper and then pushing it away with his feet. After a while he gets tired, and then the bride takes her turn, Mr. Penguin standing on the brink to watch, doubtless with a great deal of pride in his clever young wife, who can turn up the earth and sand almost as well as he can.

And sometimes in his enthusiasm he comes a little too close, so that a cloud of sand is kicked into his face. But he doesn't mind, of course—what husband would mind a thing like that on his wedding day? He shakes himself, and then comes back, waiting eagerly for his own turn at the work.

When the nesting-hole is about eighteen inches underground, the husband, being rather impatient, decides that that will do for the house, and that it is time to think about the furniture. So while his wife is resting, he rushes off and collects bits of stick, and drops them into the hole.

His wife is a little indignant at that. "Oh, John, can't you see that we aren't nearly ready yet?" and she goes back into the hole, throws out all the furniture, and starts digging it deeper. Not a bit put out, the husband awaits his turn and then tries again to get the furniture in and the carpet of sticks properly put down.

This time, maybe, the wife is satisfied; and now she and her husband stand together at the door of the house, looking in on the beautifully furnished room, and chattering with pride, as if to say, "Oh, my dearest, and to think that it's all our very own!"

All in all, this is a most human performance, but there are even more human parallels still.

The trouble with newly married peacefulness, Mr. Kearton tells us regretfully, is that it doesn't last. For, it is sad but true, among penguins as among humans, there is "a type that lacks a proper respect for the inviolability of married life; the type, in short, which breaks up happy homes."

Then Mr. Kearton tells us of a young pair of penguins, not those we have just been watching, who had begun to quarrel. Affairs went from bad to worse, until a crisis was reached.

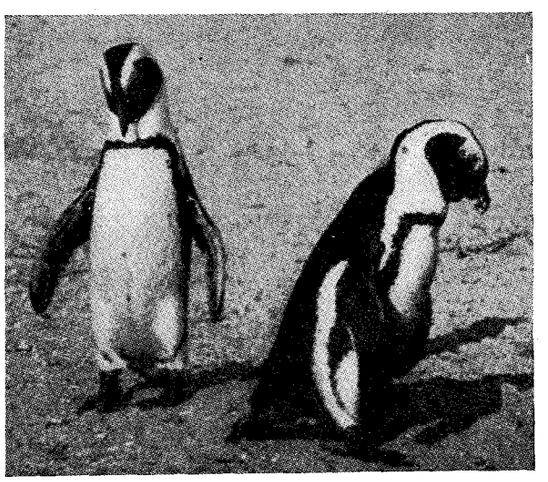
One day Mr. Penguin returned home from a fishing expedition to receive the shock of his life, which Mr. Kearton describes thus:

His wife was not alone!

I need not dwell on that awful moment. For a minute or two he obviously could not believe it.

Then without any further hesitation he went for the intruder, and fought him beak and flipper.

Considered apart from its cause, it was a grand fight. You might have imagined that Mrs. Penguin, overcome by shame and remorse, would have retired to a corner, weeping and wringing her flippers. But



Beau Penguin Out to Make a Hit

"The young thing on whom he has cast his eye discreetly becomes absorbed in the scenes around her."

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even if that was her intention, she was given no opportunity of doing anything of the sort. Mr. Penguin attacked with a reckless courage and with blind rage, biting and smacking indiscriminately at anything within reach.

The intruder bore the brunt of it at first, but after a minute he sidestept rather smartly, and Mrs. Penguin suddenly found herself meeting the attack. So she in her turn fought gallantly, her back to the wall, until her paramour came to her aid, and attacked Mr. Penguin's unguarded rear.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to describe in detail a three-cornered fight, especially when all the combatants are drest exactly alike. In any case, it went on for so long that I grew tired of watching it, and went away to luncheon. But when, an hour later, I returned to see who had won, I was surprized to find that the war was still being waged as actively as ever.

Now and again the combatants, very much disheveled, would separate for a breather; then back they would come. Curiously enough, there were no spectators, altho sometimes the penguins display a keen interest in other people's quarrels and fights.

In this case, however, the occupants of the neighboring homes went about their chores unconcernedly, or watched idly with expressions of bored indifference.

YET there were certainly no signs of waning enthusiasm on the part of the combatants, and Mr. Kearton admits that he "conceived a keen respect for the pluck of Mr. Penguin in sticking so persistently to a fight in which he was outnumbered by two to one." Reading on in the stiring account:

But as I watched, I realized that one important change had now taken place.

Whether Mrs. Penguin had already found time to appreciate her husband's courage as I did, and was consequently feeling some doubt as to her own conduct, I do not know; but in any case she was no longer definitely on the side of the despoiler of homes.

She was not, for that matter, on anybody's side, and I am inclined to think that so much strenuous fighting had rendered her irresponsible. Once I distinctly saw her biting with a desperate fury at her own flipper; an accident, no doubt, but one indicative of the wild nature of the fighting. And certainly she gave as many blows to her ally as she did to the enemy, her husband.

It must have been this that set the pendulum of the fight definitely in the husband's favor. He renewed his attack with fresh vigor, and as the afternoon waned, there was no doubt that the victory would be his. Nor was there any doubt that somehow or other he had been able to win back his wife to his side.

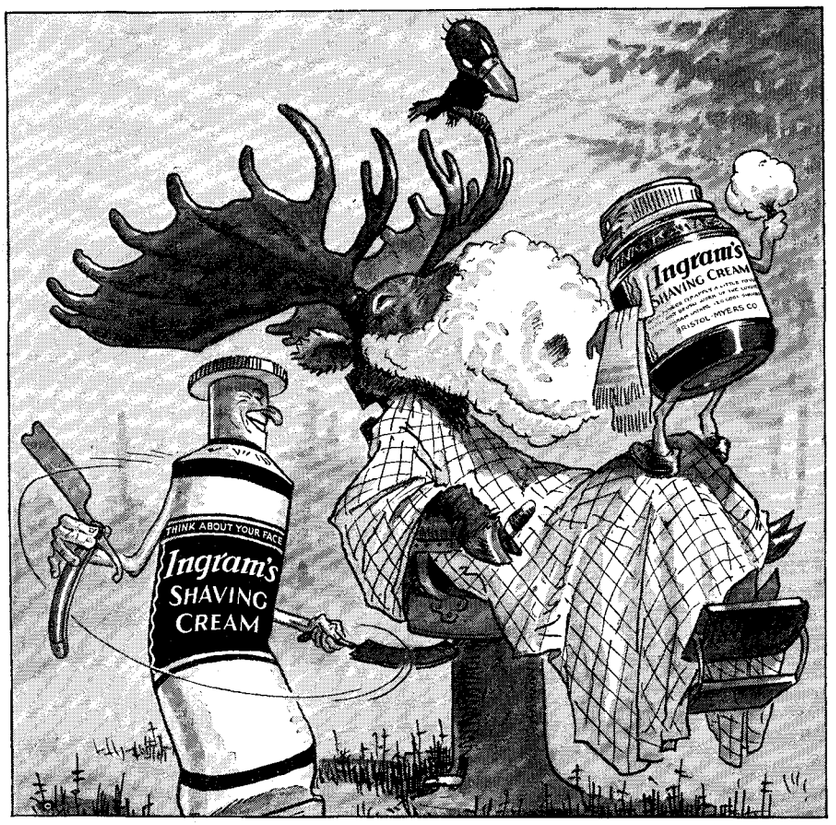
She was fighting coolly now, placing her blows where they were most effective, always on the less protected parts of her late lover's body. And that gentleman was showing that he had had enough—which, after six hours, was not surprizing. His features could hardly be seen amid the streaming blood; his flippers moved stiffly, indeed one of them appeared to be partly out of action.

So as the day closed he failed to come back for what must have been about the ninety-second round of the fight.

He just slipt away, limping badly, toward the sea.

The 2 coolest barbers are the INGRAM twins

[TERRY TUBE AND JERRY JAR]



I'M A MOOSE and I don't mean a Senator from Pennsylvania. I live up here in Labrador. I thought I knew what COOL meant. But I was wrong!

These 2 Ingram boys put me on the spot—I mean in the chair, and the shave they gave me, though it warmed the cockles of my heart, left the old chin

COOL and COMFORTABLE

I competed in the Ingram contest and I didn't win a prize! But I like these two Ingram barbers (Terry Tube and Jerry Jar) for both have the same kind of interiors—that is to say, they are the only 2 shaving creams with real insides (guts, sir, if you prefer the word).

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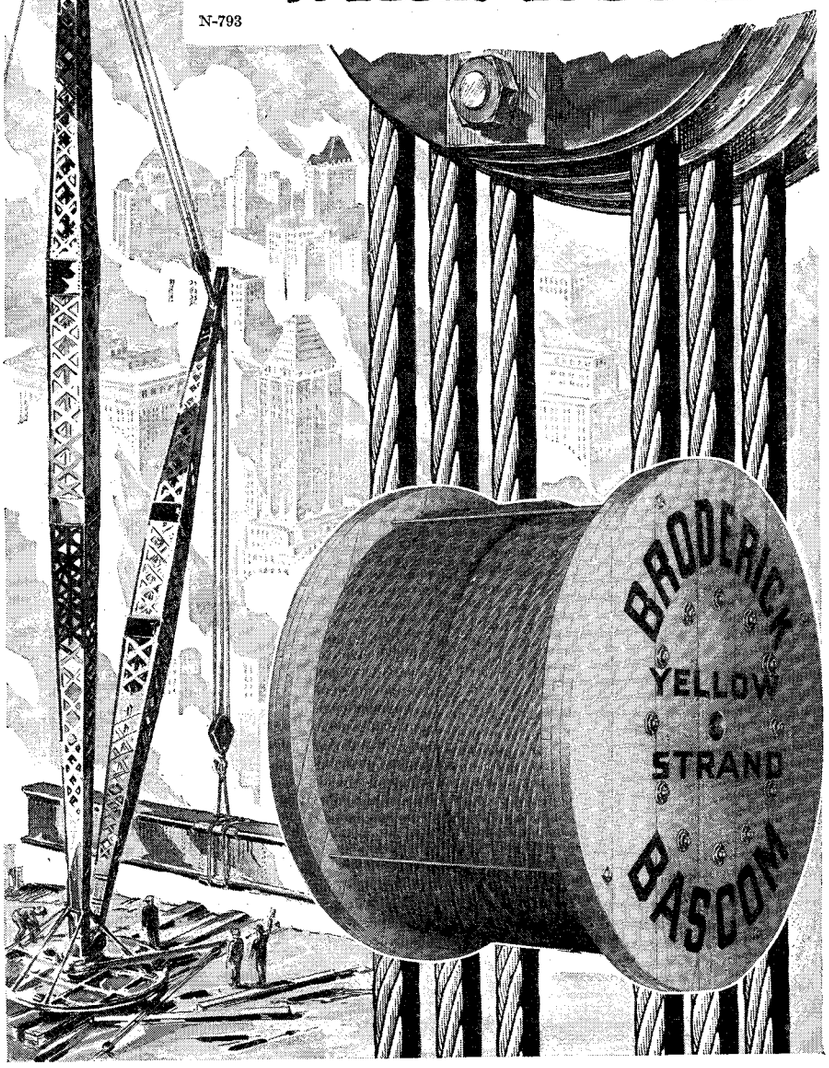

What Is Home Without a Lion?

THE hungry animal sprang upon her dinner, snarling, striking it with her paws. Then she "whirled around and around with it in her mouth, and finally dragged it off to a quiet lair to devour it in peace."

For Susan was a sure-enough lion, even

Illustrations by courtesy of *Nature Magazine* (Washington, D. C.)

Susan Was a Husky Armful

tho she lived in an apartment-house in Washington. Already she understood instinctively the technique of the hunt, even tho she was only seven weeks old and the dinner with which we have seen her dealing so roughly was a bone from the butcher.

Susan, we are told in *The Nature Magazine* by Lucile Quarry Mann, wife of the Director of the National Zoological Park in Washington, was brought up as carefully and methodically as a human baby:

She had her daily bath, was dusted with talcum, and had her eyes washed with boric acid; her food was measured and warmed, and given her in sterilized bottles on an invariable schedule; she was given cod-liver oil to prevent rickets and taken outdoors for occasional sun baths; she had as much petting and affection as could possibly have been good for her, but in spite of all she steadily grew—not into a domestic animal, not into a young puppy or kitten—but into a real, honest-to-goodness lion. It was the most fascinating study in

When Do We Eat?

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development of instinct that I have ever seen.

Susan, of course, had never seen another lion; no mother lioness had taught her the manners of the tribe; but all the domestication in the world could not cover up the little savage that she really was.

At six weeks old, she began stalking my feet, slinking along the hall, belly almost touching the floor, crouching and springing in a realistic illustration of a jungle lion after an antelope.

SUSAN was born in the National Zoological Park on July 8, 1930, at 2:30 in the morning, the writer tells us, continuing:

Her parents were fine lions, of unusually good stock, but young, and the mother refused to take care of her babies. There were three in the litter, all females, and that afternoon, when there was no longer any hope of the mother's nursing them, one of them was given to me to bring up on a bottle.

I had to teach the baby to nurse. We telegraphed to New York for a powdered milk especially prepared for puppies, and Susan began by drinking about a third of a gill of warm milk, every three hours, night and day. Sometimes it would take her half an hour to get started sucking, sometimes she would grab one of her own paws by mistake and suck on it greedily.

She was born with claws big enough to do serious damage, and it was quite a trick to hold her with one hand, the bottle with the other, and not get scratched in the process. It took us two or three days to get used to each other, but she soon associated the sound of my voice with food. One night when she was sleeping I was standing over her, talking, and she began smacking her lips in her sleep.

Her rapid growth astonished me—her appetite, for instance. For the first few days a third of a gill was a meal, gulped down so fast that she invariably got the hiccoughs. At the end of two weeks she was drinking a whole gill every three hours. At the end of ten weeks, when she was no longer on such a strict schedule and was fed only in the daytime, she consumed three to four pints of milk a day.

LATE in September Susan had her full set of teeth—excellent nippers, we are told as the account runs on:

From the time she was five weeks old she trotted after me around the apartment like a little dog. She was always underfoot, and her constant invitation to play was offered by hooking all claws into my stockings.

If I shut her out of the room I was in, she would sit on the doorsill and cry until I opened the door. Ordinarily she was very quiet, however, and I do not think that her various calls ever disturbed the neighbors.

She could say "Miouw" with various intonations, depending on what she wanted. Sometimes she would give a "Woof," like a little dog. A loud "Ya-a-ah" usually arose at sight of the bottle. A rather vicious "Gr-r-r" came forth when she was frightened.

She had the complete run of the apartment all day and, of course, caused plenty of damage. If any one wants to follow my example and bring up a lion cub as a pet I warn them that food is the smallest item in the expense.

Susan's food bill was about two dollars a week; repairs to rugs (which were

» The clock above is LYNN, with Westminster tubular chimes and gold dial. Price, $325 «

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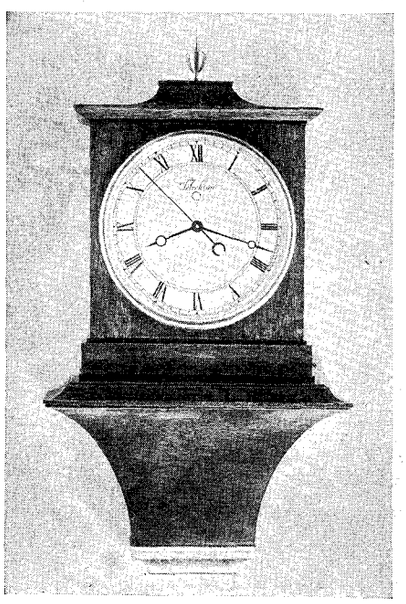

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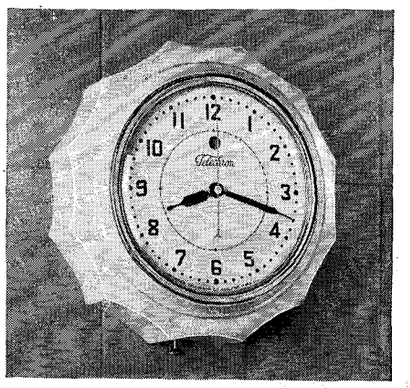
Left: Surrey—Mahogany case, 15 5/16" high.....$33

Below: Hostess—For the kitchen. Moulded case, $9.75



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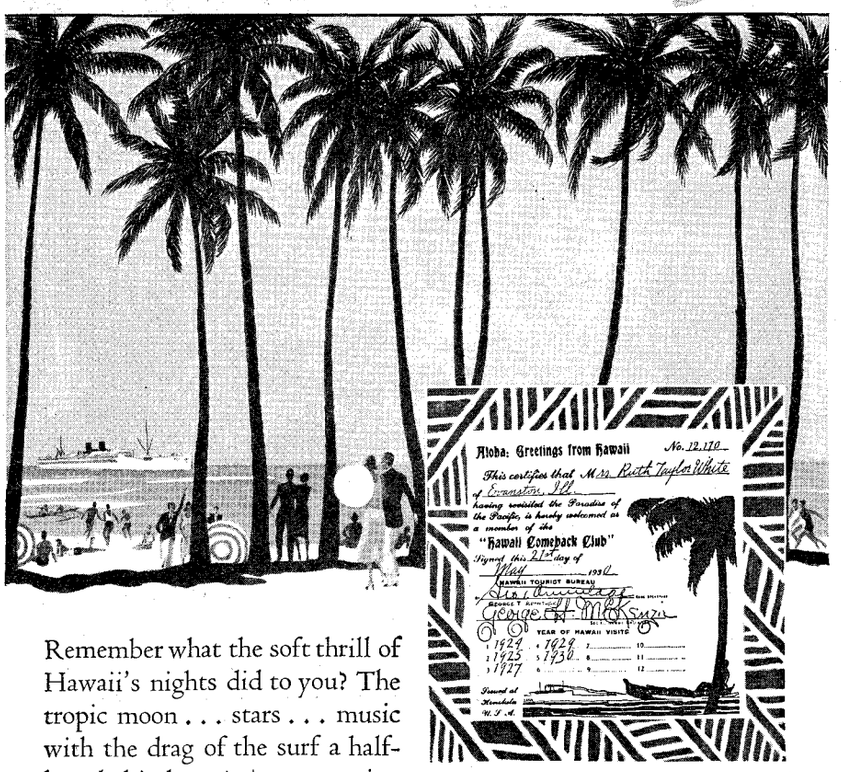
To you who have been to HAWAII



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damaged before I had sense enough to take them up) came to seven dollars and a half; the same amount was spent on having the floors refinished; twenty dollars is a conservative estimate for replacing silk stockings (my own, and guests'); she never actually ruined any clothes (except one necktie belonging to my husband), and the number of threads pulled in trouser legs and skirts should be charged up to depreciation.

It was too much "lion instinct" that finally forced us to return her to the Zoo. As long as she had her own way she could be very charming. She would pat me with her claws sheathed and chew on me without biting. But if I tried to dissuade her from tearing strips of leather off our favorite chair, if I helped to unhook her claws from a treasured bedspread, or if I went to the rescue of a nervous guest, Susan would wrinkle up her face, lay back her ears, snarl, and take a piece out of my arm, entirely forgetting what good friends we really were.

The Georgia Wildcat That Fought the Milk Express

TOOT-TO-OO-T, toot-toot! Chug-chug-chug, chug!

Wheels grinding on rails, darkness, "stars twinkling overhead, a blinding glare, miles of gleaming steel bands.

"A flare from the cab, more steam, more speed, 3 A. M. The milk express. Along the line the switches are set.

"Sleeping villages, Georgia, cotton, corn, 'taters, 'possums, wildcats."

Thus the early-morning fast train of the Savannah and Statesboro Railroad roared along its course from Statesboro to Cuyler one morning recently, according to the description by a writer for Newspaper Feature Service quoted from the Louisville *Herald-Post*.

"Perched upon a low-hanging bough," the story runs on, "head and beak imbedded in a mass of breast-feathers, was a quail—a plump quail, innocent of the troubles of the world, in deep slumber.

"Some twenty feet away, sleek, yet bristling with anticipation, crouched a lithe creature, eyes burning with ferocity. A Georgia wildcat, stalking his prey in its sleep! He is moving stealthily, now, jockeying for position."

And now, with the stage all set, the drama is continued:

What is that sound? The bob-tail flicked one ear, and stood, legs taut.

"Chug-chug-chug-chug — Toot-too-oot Toot! TOOT!"

The quail stirred, and the flaming eyes of the infuriated wildcat noted the movement. Out of the underbrush, he sprang. But the twigs beneath him cracked.

Terrified, the semisomnolent quail pres her wings into action and fluttered away—leaving her would-be devourer hanging by his claws to the low-hung bough.

Now the white glare of the train's headlight dispelled the darkness from the scene. The iron monster which had robbed the terror of the Georgia woods of his meal was approaching.

Its whistle screeched, as if in defiance.

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With a blood-curdling howl the agile beast leapt and landed between the rails.

The express was fifty feet away. With a snarl, the wildcat sprang, and clambered up over the search-light to the searing, sizzling, scorching plates of the boilers.

Engineer Mitchell saw him. For a moment he was transfixt by the sight. The cat was clawing and biting the smokestack, howling and hissing.

His blazing eyes sought the windows of the pilot, perhaps discerning the human enemies behind them.

Back of the bell the maddened beast climbed, in very evident pain. Oh, how to get off those sizzling plates?

Then a clever move. The wildcat clambered up on the shining bell, and hung there, one leg on the cord, the other three on the cool framework.

Mitchell closed the throttle, and the flier coasted, throbbing and panting to a halt.

So ferocious did the wildcat look that less courageous men than the engineer and fireman of the milk express would have fled their engine then and there, and allowed the animal a wide berth.

But Lewis the negro fireman, without any hesitation, grabbed a red-hot poker and climbed up on the engine to make it a fight to the finish. After all, there were passengers in the coaches, to the rear, and they had to be protected.

"Hyar, get de debbil out o' hyar!" the fireman challenged.

Then the fighting feline made its last jump. Right on to the poker—where it hung until fur and flesh sizzled. Then, with a last howl of defiance, the plucky Georgia wildcat tumbled over the boiler, over the piston rods, and fell to earth—dead.

A Tree That Kills Bears

THE big bear of Dismal Swamp, standing on all fours, as if caught in a trap, was in a peculiar position, most peculiar.

The surveyor, Maywood Rabey, working in the North Carolina section of the great gloomy tract, was curious.

With rifle leveled, John Francis Ariza tells us in a collection of bear stories in the Baltimore *Sun* Magazine, "he investigated and found the bear was dead—impaled on a cypress 'knee.'"

Anywhere within a hundred feet of a cypress-tree, the writer explains, "the roots send up six to a dozen wedge-shaped shoots a few feet high, six or eight inches wide, and three to six inches thick. They are called 'knees.'"

The bear had been dead but a few days, Mr. Ariza tells us as he continues, describing the surveyor's surprize at this unusual circumstance, and what followed:

To his astonishment, upon looking around in the undergrowth he found the skeletons of six more bears, all either impaled on cypress "knees" or near them, their broken bones indicating they had met death by striking the "knees" in some manner. Several of the skeletons were recent, others eight or ten years old. It was under a giant cypress-tree, twelve feet through at the base. For some time Rabey pondered over it. At length, with his glass, he saw where there was a smooth, well-worn place on the first limb, an immense one, high above ground.

Buzzing about one large hole on the

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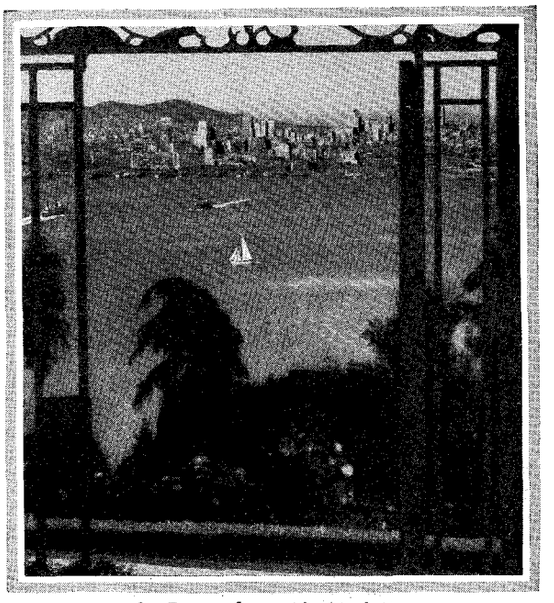

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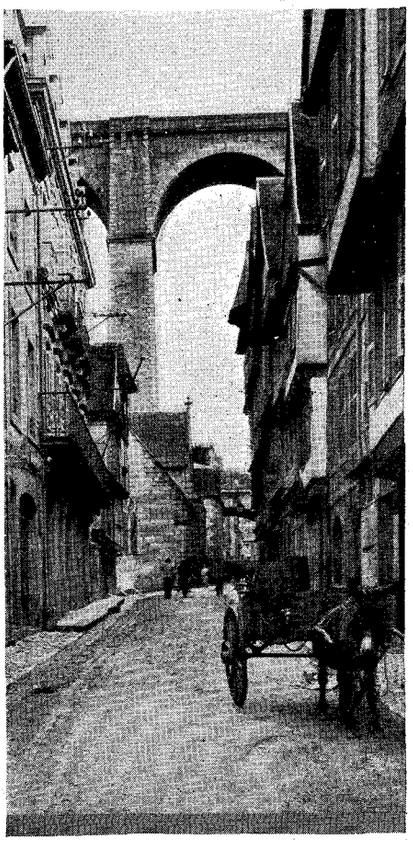

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underside of the limb and several smaller ones, were swarms of bees. Then the secret of the grim drama of old Dismal became clear.

The huge limb was hollow, and bees for years had used it as their home, storing honey there, probably by the hundreds of pounds. In their eagerness to get the honey, bears would climb out on the limb and grope for the honey while clinging to the limb, a difficult thing for a bear, even using both paws.

In this precarious attitude on the shiny part of the limb, worn smooth by other bears that had paid hundreds of visits to the place, the honey-hungry animal would thrust one paw into the large hole to get the coveted sweets. Then, rattled by the stings of the infuriated insects buzzing about his eyes and muzzle, an occasional bear had lost his hold and fallen.

When alarmed a bear will often throw himself or leap from a lofty height, and go scampering away into the forest. The skeletons of the bears impaled on the "knees" beneath the cypress-tree told their silent story.

Witch-Doctor and Lion in an African Tragicomedy

A LION was leading a high life in a tiny South African village. He sprang upon and "killed a woman as she was approaching the kraal with a load of firewood at evening." Two days later, W. S. Chadwick tells us in *Field and Stream*, he killed another as she was filling her pots at the stream in mid-afternoon. The killer's spoor, we read, ran down to the bank of a small stream. Obviously the beast had gone into the water. But no tracks could be found on the other bank to show where he had come out upon dry land again.

The misfortune and bewilderment of the natives was the opportunity of the wily and unscrupulous witch-doctor of the village. In the council he insisted that "this was no ordinary lion, but a man who by magic could assume the lion shape at will."

Primitive and ignorant people have almost always believed in the power of certain persons to change themselves into animals—in any land the most dangerous beast to be found there. Thus we have the leopard-, lion-, and hyena-men of Africa and Asia, the werwolves of Europe in general, and the werebears of Scandinavia.

The "lion-man" of this story struck again soon. Within a few days he seized a man in the light of morning, within half a mile of the kraal. The matter became urgent, relates Mr. Chadwick, continuing:

> The spoor was again followed, and again was found to enter the stream at the same point. But on the opposite bank stood the witch-doctor. Beckoning them over, he showed them the spoor of a man.
>
> "Here, as I told you," he said, "is the killer's spoor. It is useless to follow it, for this is a devil against whom your assagais are powerless."
>
> For a consideration of two heifers, the wily old devil had sought advice from the spirits.
>
> He informed the anxious natives that

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should the killer come again, a sign of his identity would be given to them.

Three days afterward a youth was taken as he closed the calf kraal at sunset. Next morning, on the river bank opposite to where the lion spoor vanished, were found the tracks of sandaled feet, and on one was a peculiarly shaped patch.

On the witch-doctor's advice, a prompt return was made to the kraal, and upon investigation it was found that the sandals so patched belonged to a man who, incidentally, was on bad terms with the witch-doctor.

The accused man protested that the sandals had been stolen from him two days before, and his wife supported him, but without effect.

Mad with rage and superstition, the relatives of the victims assagaied him without further inquiry, while he still voiced his denials. His small assets were divided between the witch-doctor and the relatives.

When a fifth victim—a woman—was taken a week later, the natives grew sullen, and would not follow the spoor.

"Of what use?" they asked. "We have killed one man, and the lion—or devil—kills still. Must we kill others also, until none are left?"

So the witch-doctor altered his tactics. He promised to sell to those who could pay for it an effective protective charm against the killer, and did a considerable trade.

Only two days before I arrived a woman was seized in the kraal itself in broad daylight, and carried off. As she was one of his customers, and liberally anointed with his "medicine," this still further discredited him.

In desperation the natives decided to move up-river.

Nothing daunted, the witch-doctor sent a private message to the chief of the proposed location, pointing out that his services in increasing the chief's adherents—and importance—deserved recognition.

Such genius in turning a situation to profitable account commanded my admiration.

THAT night a lion—presumably the same—jumped into Mr. Chadwick's carrier's bivouac and carried off a boy before anything could be done. Continuing:

About a mile from the camp we found the remains of the latest victim, the skull and feet having been left, as usual. Three miles or more farther on, the spoor entered the small stream, as the natives had described, and there vanished.

But I had no faith in the "lion-man" theory; nor was there any human spoor on the other side. So I divided the party and gave orders to search both banks upstream.

We had gone a mile or so when the natives on the farther bank gave a yell, and on investigation I found they had got the spoor where it left the stream. It was heading straight for a low, stony ridge some two miles off, and I guessed the killer had his lair there.

In East Africa the Masai often ring a lion with spears, and on occasion the Barotse have done the same. Altho in numbers and courage these natives were inferior for such a purpose, I instructed them to ring the lair.

No doubt the wind betrayed us, for as we drew closer there came a sudden quick disturbance of the undergrowth, and a large lion sprang upon one of the boulders.

He hesitated for only a second, then with an angry growl he sprang away on the farther side and started up the ridge. I

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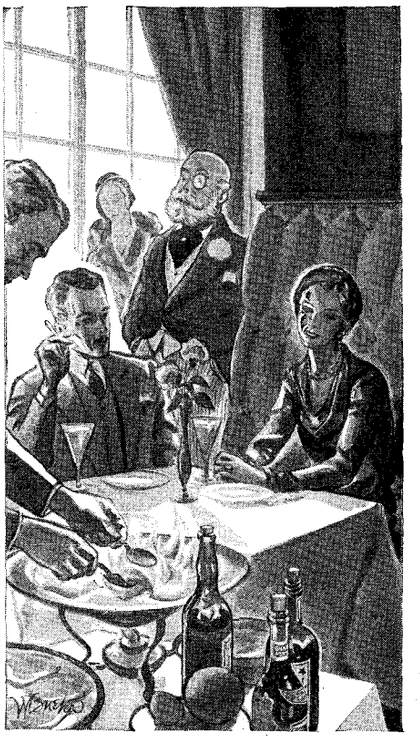

The quiet, deep-carpeted restaurant in Foyot's—just across from the Luxembourg. Since 1768, Foyot's has been famous for its crêpes Suzette.

OF course the one best "place" in France for these marvelous pancakes, bathed on silver in the richest, rarest liqueurs, is really two places—Foyot's perfect restaurant on the Left Bank and the much-sought Hotel Savoy at Rheims, where crêpes Suzette are supposed to have been discovered. Every way-wise traveler, every gourmet, every chef, will choose one of these spots.

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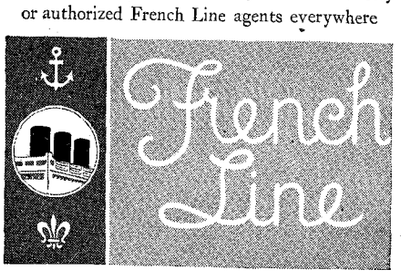

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fired in the instant he sprang down, and was answered by a snarl and a lurch as he struck the ground. Up the slope he rushed, and because of the natives ahead of him I dared not fire.

A shower of spears met him as he came, and two stuck in his side and shoulder. Then the natives broke and fled. As they did so I fired again, and he fell. In an instant he was up again and, wheeling swiftly, charged straight down toward us.

He was within twenty paces when I fired a third time, and he pitched on his head and rolled a few yards toward us. Twice he essayed to rise, and then bit and tore savagely at the ground before he shuddered and lay still.

A very pandemonium of rejoicing ensued, and we bore his skin to the kraal to the accompaniment of mad shouts of victory. Then we proceeded to deal with the witch-doctor. Under pressure he admitted that he had worn the sandals and made the spoor to convict his enemy, and at the confession I had much ado to restrain the victim's relatives from instant vengeance. But I pointed out that further bloodshed could not restore the victim, and that punishment lay with the Portuguese officials.

On Mr. Chadwick's promise to take the man to the nearest post, the natives contented themselves "with seizing all the witch-doctor's ill-gotten possessions." The primitive bunco steerer escaped during this trip, but Mr. Chadwick felt sure that he would never return to molest his former victims.

Antelope Round-Up

TOMTOMS throbbed. One section of the crowd of hunters began a wild dance. Singing and shouting, "waving their spears and leaping in the air, they recited tales of past deeds of bravery and cunning. One gorgeously decorated young native yelled lurid boasts of the number of leche he would kill upon the morrow."

"Even if you fall in a pot hole, don't break the line."

Wynant Davis Hubbard was giving instructions to his African natives "before sending them out on the flats to attempt to drive a great herd of leche antelope into our net," we read in his story in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. Mr. Hubbard was engaged in making motion-pictures of antelope, and capturing them in a net.

They were an unruly lot, those natives, he tells us as he continues:

A month previously I had experimented with this mile-long net and captured some twenty or thirty antelope.

Now that my moving-picture cameramen had arrived from Johannesburg, I had sent out a call to all the near-by villages for men to hunt.

For days they had poured into camp. It was a great spree for them. Were they not to be paid for hunting—and would they not get plenty of meal and lots of juicy meat? They would. But as they came in groups of threes and fives and fifteens, the camp became a turmoil.

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So, at last, the party of hunters, several hundred strong, set out. But, we read:

When we reached Kabulamwanda the majority of our natives had vanished. Only by searching through each hut and imploring the chiefs to use their authority were we able by noon to get the men under way again.

But once out of the village, they moved along smartly. George Noble and Earl Frank, the cameramen, and myself bumped along in the truck discussing our plan. It was our hope to find the leche antelope close to the edge of the flats.

In May and June, at the end of the rainy season, the Kafue River overflows and floods an area some 200 miles long and seventy miles wide.

As the water deepens, the leche, reedbuck, sitatunga, zebra, buffalo, and wildebeest which inhabit the flats are pushed farther toward the edge.

In June all that one can see is miles upon miles of grass. Underneath may be two to four feet, or even more, of water. In places the grass is short, but in the majority of places it grows eight or ten feet high.

Our scouts had reported that hundreds of leche had come out of the long grass and were grazing and living along the edge of the flats where the grass was short.

There was water, but not deeper than a foot or so. The leche, by reason of their elongated hoofs, can run and wade in marshy ground, which would hopelessly bog any other antelope save the sitatunga.

This was our chance. Our net was 4,500 feet long, and when raised on poles reached ten to twelve feet into the air. It was made of flax, woven in four-inch mesh, and cut into sections of about 100 feet in length.

This was absolutely necessary, not only because it would be impossible to handle one piece more than three-quarters of a mile in length, but because the first animal to strike the net would bring the entire length down.

With the net in sections the first animal pulled down only a hundred feet and left the remainder standing to catch others running behind and beside it.

AFTER inspecting the terrain over which the antelope were to be driven, Mr. Hubbard's account runs on:

We decided upon two ant-hills at the outer end of a point of raised dry ground. The net began just in front and ran out into the water and grass nearly a mile, in a great semicircle. All along the line natives were dumping poles and sections of net.

We had expected to stage a drive toward evening. But we had no such luck. The sun burned up until it was straight overhead. There wasn't a particle of shade.

The natives labored mightily, but each pole had to be planted separately, the net tied lightly to its tip, and the section raised. As it gradually came up it rose ten feet into the air and bellied out loosely on the inside. Any animals striking it would put their feet through the bottom first, and then pull the top down on their horns and backs.

Could we pull the drive off? I talked earnestly to the chief as we hurried along. He was to lead the vanguard. As I saw it, it was imperative that the leading natives get well out into the flats.

The leche must not be given an opportunity to think or look ahead. We must stampede them.

A mile from the net we stopt. I

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divided the natives into groups of forty or fifty, and placed the most reliable men in charge.

MR. HUBBARD "gave the word and away they went. Kashoka, the chief, led, running swiftly. The groups raced out onto the flat, kicking up showers of water and leaping and jumping and waving their spears." And a little later:

Kashoka had stopt, I could just make him out as he looked back, waiting for the line to be completed. I waved my hat. A boom sounded. The chief had fired his shotgun. The natives yelled and shouted.

Even on those immense flats bedlam sounded.

The leche stood and stared for a moment. Then they broke and galloped through the water. The line took after them. Shrieks and yells, shouts, the booming of the shotgun and the splash of water rose into a crescendo as the natives broke and tore after the running antelope. I ran with them, shouting, leaping and waving my hat.

Some leche took to the deep water and got around the line. Some others, seeing breaks in the line, raced back and broke through.

Spears flashed in the sun and wild exultant yells cut above the general confusion. But we had quite a herd before us.

The antelope did not seem to see the net. Galloping, they ran straight for it, the bucks leaping high, and now and then jumping over a doe. We closed in. Both cameras were in action. The circle was narrowing. Kashoka had reached the net and turned to run along it. The line of natives was nearly solid. And such a racket! Four hundred wildly excited natives shouting at the top of their lungs as they saw their captures so close in front! I never realized there were so many different calls and whoops possible.

The leading animals reached the net. For a second they stared at it. Then wheeling they raced along its length. I was sure we had them. There was no way out. A splendid ram, dark on the back and carrying a long set of horns, sprinted ahead of his companions and in a beautiful leap cleared the net, landed free and ran to safety. Others followed.

The natives howled in disappointment and rushed at the remainder. A section went down and then another. The antelope streamed through the gap.

THEY caught seven, but not one was a full grown ram. "They were does and youngsters and a couple of spike-horns." Continuing:

The cameramen came down and talked it over. The natives were panting, but talked excitedly in groups.

Three more days we put in running, photographing and working from sunrise to sunset in the blazing sun.

One morning when we arrived at the nets we found a splendid bull tangled by the horns. He had bumped into a section sometime during the night.

He was a piece of good fortune, for we succeeded in capturing only one more adult male. They jumped too easily for the net to be any barrier.

But by piecing together the pictures we took and adding to them others made of running leche, the bounding rams and the showers of sparkling water which they kicked up, we made a sequence. And all told we caught twenty-three antelope.

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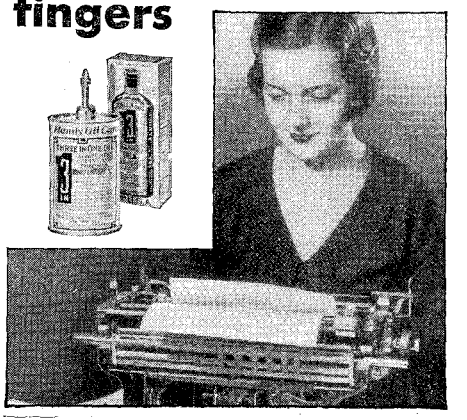

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Well, Any Job's Appreciated in Times Like These

REVISE the old schoolyard chant of "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief." Make it something like this:

"Schemer, all kinds"; "super-racketeer"; "tax ferret for the Bureau of Internal Revenue"; and "genius, independent."

Queer callings, these, but many humans devote their energies to them, the United States Census Bureau has discovered, according to a report by Mary V. Dempsey in the New York *Times*. Writing of the classification of occupations made as a result of the census, Miss Dempsey says:

Gigolos are not supposed to exist in the U. S. A., but one was disclosed in New York City, one in California, and one in Texas—that grand old State where men are said to be men.

A couple of professional witnesses came to light and New York City produced a "concessionaire for a tipping trust," as well as plenty of ticket scalpers.

One rural Kansan was described as "schemer, all kinds."

A Bostonian admitted "diluting perfume for an importer," and two girls in New York sewed foreign labels in hats.

No lobbyists were disclosed—altho in 1920 there had been half a dozen, plain and professional.

About ten plain and fancy racketeers came to light in Chicago, and a scattering few appeared in New York.

One Chicagoan was so old-fashioned as to refer to himself as a "grafter." A gangster or two were listed in the larger cities. Explicit information was given by one individual, who called himself a "policy writer, gamblers' policy racket."

There were milk racketeers and meat racketeers and teaming racketeers.

The only man who called himself a "superracketeer" was not named Al Capone.

A "manipulator of sickness" and a "trick doctor" were among the occupations listed for 1930, in addition to the usual number of practical bone-setters, healers of leg ulcers, Indian medicine men, herb doctors and various other "healers."

A witch came to light in Berks County, Pennsylvania; she stated that she was in business for herself.

SOME occupations, we are told, "were so sketchy as to imply that the workers had private incomes, lived on relatives, or just naturally starved." Reading on:

Then there were donors of blood, and superintendents of county egg-laying contests.

Every one is familiar with the type of man who sits at home to read and philosophize eloquently while his wife takes in sewing, gives music lessons, or bakes cakes for the women's exchange. Such men may be well educated and often take themselves very seriously, considering themselves quite competent to settle the affairs of nations.

We can only guess that men of this type were those who gave their occupations as "genius, independent"; "analyst, human nature"; "adviser of the public"; "student and gentleman" (aged 62); "philosopher at home"; "ruminator, public affairs," and a "private ambassador, at home."

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Building Expectations for 1931

NO SINGLE ACTIVITY is being so closely watched for evidences of business revival as building.

"There will be no substantial business recovery until there is an increase in building operations," recently remarked Hugh Bancroft, publisher of *The Wall Street Journal.*

"It is evident that national leaders look to the building industry to bring the country out of its business slump," says M. H. Furbringer, a Memphis architect, after a tour of the Southwest which, according to the El Paso *Times*, persuades him that there will be a spectacular upturn in building activity during the present year.

"At least one-quarter of the entire population of the United States receives, directly or indirectly, a substantial part, or all, of its income from construction," says Assistant Secretary of Commerce Julius Klein. And with building touching so many people and so many interests, "any major development tending to quicken or depress the building industry brings immediate repercussions throughout American industry generally," concludes *The Index*, published by the New York Trust Company.

So the first building statistics of the year are being very closely watched. *The Wall Street Journal* notes *Bradstreet's* figures showing building permits for 186 cities slightly less for January than for either last December or January, 1930. But it does find reason for a little cheer in the fact that, according to the same figures, "the new work and alterations in New York City total $33,515,800 against $27,635,000 in December, and $29,591,000 a year ago." It may be, suggests this New York daily, "that a city that is the center of the country's commerce and finance would be the first to feel an approaching improvement."

TAKING a broader look, on the basis of a nation-wide survey of the building situation, Nelson, Hunt & Company of Chicago point out that new 1931 construction totaling more than $3,500,000,000 is either planned, under way, or about to be started. This survey indicates that construction activities are proceeding at about the same rate as in 1930. It is noted that "up to February 15, heavy engineering and public work was leading in activity, being about 10 per cent. ahead of last year." To quote further from this statement as it appears in *The Economist* (Chicago):

> Public works, public buildings, State highways, municipal improvements, and all types of Federal and State work will undoubtedly be the most important factor in utilizing labor and building materials in 1931—particularly during the first half of the year.
>
> Whereas public building ordinarily comprises 5.5 per cent. of of total construction it is estimated that it will be more than double this percentage this year.

Other factors especially noted in this report are the vast amount of building planned by the utilities, and a considerable volume of building in the Southern States and on the Pacific coast. Universities and colleges are doing considerably more building than they did last year.

Aviation is contributing more than $25,000,000 worth of expenditures already scheduled for new hangars, machine shops, terminals, etc.

And another factor, extremely important and not included in the list of new projects for this year, "is the modernization of homes and business structures—a movement which is receiving unusual business emphasis because of the low cost of materials and the plentiful labor supply." Expenditure here is estimated at nearly $500,000,000.

SO important is building that the New York Trust Company makes a careful study of the industry in its *Index.* The general conclusion reached is that an increased demand for building is bound to show its effect before very long.

Looking back, the writer of this survey points out four distinct periods in the building industry since the war. "The first of these ended with the depression of 1920-21, which resulted in a marked decline in building, because of high costs and the consequent slump in commodity prices." This was only a temporary setback, for the war had developed a shortage in practically all kinds of building. New construction at once began to meet this deficit. This period lasting "until 1925, or possibly 1926, when building once again was measurably abreast the demand." From then until early in 1928, a speculative boom developed:

> Buildings of all sorts were erected, often without full regard for immediate needs, or the investment entailed, with the result that a considerable surplus in practically every class of building was created.
>
> The boom reached its peak about the middle of 1928, when residential building began to decline, due, in part, to the diversion of investment funds to the stock market.
>
> This decline of residential building marked the beginning of the fourth period in our survey. Other kinds of construction did not feel this slackening at first, and continued at fairly stable levels until late in 1929.
>
> The year 1930 was one in which residential building plumbed even lower depths of inactivity and other classes of construction work, except public works and public utilities, followed it downward.

The extent of this slump, which still exists, is indicated, we read on, by the fact that the F. W. Dodge figures for thirty-seven States east of the Rockies show a total construction falling off of 31.8 per cent. in the value of construction between 1928 and 1930, and nearly 50 per cent. decrease for the same period in floor space contracted for. The biggest drop was in residential building, which fell off about 60 per cent. according to both the space and the dollar measurement.

NOW, looking ahead, there seems to be a general consensus of opinion that building is somewhere near the bottom of its decline. When will improvement set in? The writer for the New York bank can not undertake to answer this question, but he does call attention to certain favorable and unfavorable factors. Among the unfavorable factors are the still existing surplus of industrial and commercial buildings and the natural slackening of building by public utilities after their spurt last year. As against these are listed "several developments preparing the ground for the revival of building":

> Among these may be mentioned the large decline in the costs of construction work, variously estimated to range from 11 to 18 per cent.; the huge program of public construction sponsored by the Federal and State Governments; a growing demand for more substantial construction and the elimination of "jerry building"; the stabilized wages of building craftsmen, and the constantly increasing flow of the population to urban centers, which tends to eliminate any temporary overbuilding that may have taken place in the past.

And, in so far as low interest rates have any effect, they are helpful.

When it comes to residential building, this writer is inclined to think that "much surplus space has been gradually eliminated, and that a more normal balance between supply and demand is again in sight." Besides this, "a number of movements have been inaugurated to make it easier for individuals to build and own their homes, and thus swell the total amount of residential building."

In conclusion, the writer in *The Index* states that "the present year will be chiefly one of stabilization and retrenchment" in building. There is still some surplus commercial and industrial building. Therefore, "the most hopeful sign in the building industry is the general feeling that a gradual upturn in residential construction will be witnessed in the not-too-distant future." To sum it all up:

> The excesses of the years from 1926 to 1928 are surely, if

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slowly, being remedied and new demands for construction are in the process of development.

Estimates have recently been made that the American people will spend at least $50,000,000,000 for residential construction in the next two decades.

An industry which is assured of such a substantial back-log of business, in addition to comparable demands for other classes of building, can face the long-term future with optimism.

The Stock Market Growing "Corner-Proof"

RENEWED activity on the stock market, accompanied by violent fluctuations in one or two stocks, leads the New York *Times* to reflect how seldom we have "corners" in stocks nowadays.

Brokers have noted that it is eight years since there was a deliberate corner in a stock. "Altho there have been occasional 'squeezes,' the market has been free during all of that period of any stringency serious enough to require the suspension of a stock from trading, which is the maximum disciplinary measure taken by the exchange in such an emergency." And, it continues, brokers have definite reasons for believing that the New York stock exchange is making itself more or less "corner-proof":

Aside from the fact that the business-conduct committee has been increasingly watchful, through its questionnaire system and by personal contact on the floor of the exchange and with member firms, the possibility of corners developing has been reduced through the large increase in outstanding shares of listed companies and the consequent enlargement of the floating supply.

Conditions are vastly different to-day from what they were years ago when stocks were not widely distributed, and when speculative groups, management interests or "insiders" could bottle up, without great difficulty, the entire floating supply of almost any number of stocks.

The wide diffusion of ownership of securities in recent years has done much, therefore, to make "corners" impossible.

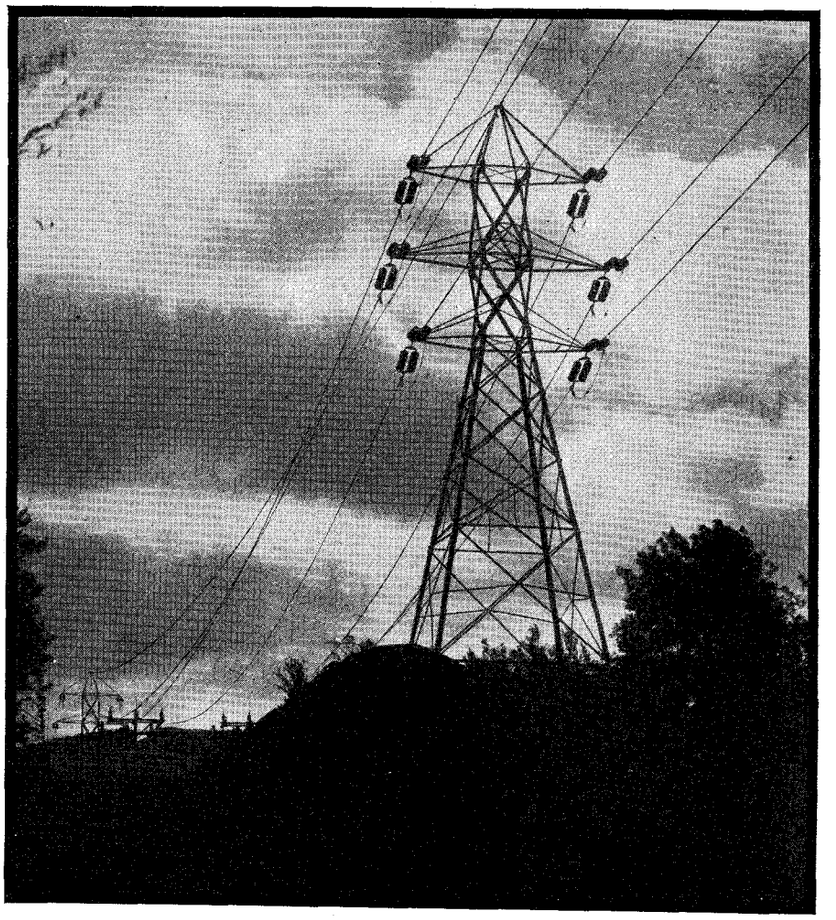
LOOKING back on stock exchange history, *The Times* reminds us that:

The last "deliberate corner," as the exchange views it, was that of the stock of Piggly-Wiggly Stores, Inc., which developed in January, 1923, resulting in a suspension of trading after a fifty-two-point rise in price. In that instance the president of the company precipitated the corner by suddenly demanding settlement by the "shorts" on terms dictated by him.

The most sensational corner in recent years, however, was that involving the stock of the Stutz Motor-Car Company in April, 1920.

The exchange at that time prohibited trading in an effort to break a corner which had developed suddenly after the "shorts" had sold more stock than existed, leaving Allan A. Ryan, a member of the exchange, holding the contracts. The stock later was removed from the trading list after Mr. Ryan had laid down the terms on which he was willing to settle with the "shorts." The episode resulted in the expulsion of Mr. Ryan from the exchange.

High Tension Transmission Line of Tri-Utilities System



Sending the Watt to Market

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These mammoth lines have made possible electrification of factories and homes. Because of them, abundant energy can be supplied at low cost.

The possibilities for future transmission of electric power are great. Eventually, the entire country will be criss-crossed with an interconnected network of transmission lines, serving the needs of the nation.

Tri-Utilities Corporation controls a system of electric light and power, gas and water companies, serving 4,500,000 people in 26 states. Its securities offer investors diversification and stability, plus the attractiveness of an ever widening market. Write for booklet L-3.

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Insull Utility Investments, *Inc.*

Corporation Securities Co. *of Chicago*

72 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Mass Production of Homes

"A MAN can get twice as good an automobile to-day for half the price he would have had to pay a few years ago; but," remarks the New York *Times*, "if he wants to build a home, he is likely to find conditions reversed." Dr. Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation recently accounted for this situation, it adds, by saying that "one industry has profited by first-rate scientific and engineering thought, and the other has not."

The lack of low-cost housing was also commented on by the New York *World*, in one of its last issues, which endeavored to account for it by saying: "The reason is partly the shockingly wasteful methods in common use for financing speculative building by bonus-bought second and third mortgages; it is mainly that there has been no modern improvement in methods of construction at all comparable with inventive progress in other lines of activity."

And so now comes forward the architect and city planner, Grosvenor Atterbury, to call for standardized home building by the mass-production methods that make our ready-made clothing and our automobiles so cheap.

Mr. Atterbury's ideas come with a report on housing published by the Regional Plan of New York, and quoted in the New York papers. After experiments with "factory-built" houses at Forest Hills Gardens on Long Island, Mr. Atterbury found that a factory-made section of wall nine feet high, 15 feet long, and 9 inches thick cost $45, including overhead, as compared with a cost of over $85 for a brick or terra-cotta section of the same size. He is quoted as saying:

In the view of the actual results of the studies and demonstrations here quoted, there is no longer any doubt but that, if applied comprehensively on a large scale to the workingman's dwelling, the principle of factory production would mean an initial reduction of 20 to 30 per cent. in the cost of the shell, in addition to the substitution of an absolutely fireproof house for the ordinary brick and wood structure. And in the course of a few years . . . it might reasonably be expected to produce such further savings that the cost of the minimum type of housing could be reduced to one-half the present figures.

Mr. Atterbury is emphatic on the subject of our backwardness in housing:

Strangely enough it is difficult to name a practical art which throughout all the centuries of man's civilization has made slower progress than the art of home building. We are still using the little brick, the hand unit with which they built the walls of Jericho, and laying them to-day probably far less cheaply.

FACTORY production of houses, according to the Atterbury report, would mean more rather than less employment in the housing industry. For a new industry would be born, and the present intermittent labor in housing construction would be replaced by continuous work all the year round "with an enormously increased field for labor and an efficiency justifying higher wages."

Mr. Atterbury feels confident that houses could be made to rent profitably for five dollars, six dollars, and seven dollars a room. And he comments further:

Under the existing antiquated building methods mechanics at $12 and $15 a day can never produce a small house that is worth the money it costs.

It is a "poor buy," even if the laboring man has the money to pay for it.

Even at cost, it is poor value compared with food and clothing—and many of his luxuries!

The rich man, perhaps, could afford to pay for the waste included in the price.

The poor man most certainly can not, and it is doing him a questionable service to help finance such a proposition.

On the other hand, cut the cost by scientific factory production and offer him a really good bargain, well-designed, fireproof, and substantial, involving but a small fraction of the ordinary upkeep of the present so-called low-cost houses, and you will open up a market even greater than did the original Ford motor-car. As in that industry, in spite of labor-saving devices and methods—really because of them—there will come an enormous increase in the labor employed as well as the opportunity for the laboring man himself to make a really wise investment within his means. In which case the various plans to facilitate his ownership of his own home will be good business for everybody.

Spoiling a Sport

OUR financial authorities have been cooperating to spoil what was once a most flourishing sport in the Harlem Negro section of New York.

This is the form of gambling called numbers.

It consisted of organized betting on certain regularly published official figures. These figures had to carry a sufficient number of digits to make the game work. The number racket is described in the press as a variation of what was once known as "policy."

What has been happening to the racket has been described by Lester A. Walton of the New York *World*, in one of its closing issues, who reminds us that:

Number playing, sometimes called Clearing House numbers, was first introduced in Harlem about 1920 by a Cuban Negro, who in a short time amassed a large bankroll, now said to be gone. For a year he and another banker had no competition.

By 1926 dozens of white and colored gamblers were sending out runners who visited homes and collected a player's figures, which were written on slips of paper, accompanied by money. The alluring odds of 600 to 1 moved thousands to take a chance, betting from 1 cent up.

The average wager under normal conditions was 50 cents, altho there were numerous instances of those claiming to have a hunch, betting $1 and $2 a day on one number for months without "hitting."

Up to the first of the year, we are reminded, the pool was decided by the totals

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issued each day, shortly after eleven o'clock, by the New York Clearing House, from which were taken a three-digit number consisting of the seventh and eighth figures of the bank clearings total and the seventh figure of the bank total, counting from right to left. For example, if the bank clearings were $1,249,000,000 and the balance $107,000,000, the correct number was 497.

But the New York Clearing House decided, for the very purpose of discouraging the number game, to discontinue the policy of publishing daily bank clearings and bank balances.

THEN the "bankers" in the number game decided to pay off on stock exchange sales. They instructed their runners, known also as collectors, to tell betters that the wagers would be taken as usual on the new basis. If, for instance, the published total of stock exchange sales on a given day was 2,344,501 shares, "the fortunate guessers cashed in on 445." We read on:

All went well until the last week in January.

Then, suddenly without warning from the stock exchange, a radical change occurred. To their surprize and dismay both bankers and betters observed that all except the first two figures were ciphers.

Confusion reigned.

Some players were given back their money. Others are still looking for the runners with whom they placed their wagers. The following day there was a repetition of disturbances and evidences of dissatisfaction growing out of demands made by individuals for their money.

Realizing the futility of carving out a winning number from 1,600,000 or 3,800,000, and that the confidence of devotees of the game was being undermined, bankers demonstrated their resourcefulness by introducing a new system, that of making available the United States Treasury report in a final effort to keep flowing into the coffers the daily stream of dollars.

In the new scheme of things the winning number is chosen by taking the fourth and fifth figures of the custom receipts and the sixth of the treasury balance. If the former is $40,832,096.72, and the latter $190,743,542.60, the better cashes on 323. But runners have been meeting with difficulty in creating a keen interest and spontaneous enthusiasm among a goodly number of their patrons to date.

The question is being asked: "Will the zero figure prominently in the United States Treasury report in the near future?"

THESE treasury balances are about the only figures of the kind left that are suitable for the purposes of this gambling fraternity. But, remarks the Utica *Press* editorially, "they are published three days late and the victims of the gentry who reap the profits from these so-called games of chance are too likely to be suspicious of an advance tip-off of these." Altho the New York State paper can not help remarking:

Why that should make those figures unsuitable, tho, is something of a mystery. The scheme or so-called game is a swindle any way. The characterless operators would not work it unless certain they would never be the losers.

Common Sense . . *about* Common Stocks

North American Trust Shares

The Largest Fixed Trust

Railroads
The Atch., Top. & Santa Fe Ry. Co.
Canadian Pacific Railway Company
Illinois Central Railroad Company
Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co.
The New York Central Railroad Co.
The Pennsylvania Railroad Co.
Southern Pacific Company
Union Pacific Railroad Company

Oils
Royal Dutch Company (N. Y. Shs.)
Standard Oil Company of California
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
Standard Oil Company of New York
The Texas Corporation

Industrials
American Rad. & Stand. San. Corp.
The American Tobacco Co. (Cl. B)
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.
Eastman Kodak Company of N. J.
General Electric Company
Ingersoll-Rand Company
National Biscuit Company
Otis Elevator Company
United Fruit Company
United States Steel Corporation
Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.
F. W. Woolworth Company

Utilities
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Consolidated Gas Co. of New York
The Western Union Telegraph Co.

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The Singing Shave

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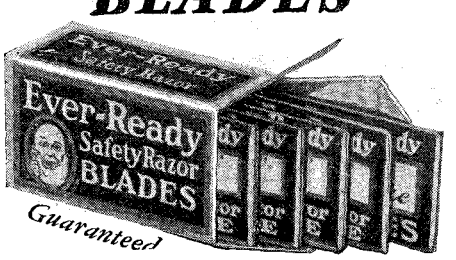
Be a Singing Shaver. Get genuine Ever-Ready Blades. They're guaranteed to improve your shaves.

American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready BLADES



The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

When Luck Is Unlucky.—"I have no luck with women."

"Lucky fellow!"—*Nebelspalter.*

The Ho-hum Life.—UNCLE—"And what's your ambition, Bobby?"

BOBBY—"I ain't got any. I just want to be a Vice-President."—*Life.*

Top Card.—THE GIRL—"I should think you'd feel as happy as a king when you're in the air."

AVIATOR—"Happier! I'm an ace."—*Boston Transcript.*

Warm Argument.—"But, madam, you have no claim. Your husband did not insure his life; he took out a policy against fire."

"That's what I claim. He has been cremated."—*Times of India.*

Knows His Croquettes.—HUB—"I can't eat this stuff."

YOUNG BRIDE—"Never mind, dear. I have some lovely recipes for making up left-overs."

HUB—"In that case I'll eat it now."—*The Benedict.*

Thorny Crop.—Little Willie had gone to bring the kittens in. His father, hearing a shrill meowing, called out:

"Don't hurt the kittens, Willie!"

"Oh, no," said Willie, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems!"—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*

Born for Big Business.—TOMMY—"Nurse, did you say you would kiss me if I were good all day?"

HANDSOME NURSE—"Yes, dear, and so I will now."

TOMMY—"No, nurse. I have sold the kiss to my big brother for a shilling."—*Die Muskete (Vienna).*

Turn on the Hot Air.—DINER (after glancing at check)—"There is a beauty parlor next door, isn't there?"

WAITER—"A lady runs a place for reducing figures, sir."

DINER—"Then I'd be obliged to you if you'd have her work on this dinner check before I pay it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Taking a Hint from a Marine.—His commanding officer ordered General Butler to place himself under arrest. General Butler promptly did so, without any beating about the bush or making the claim that he was having trouble in finding himself. Now the Chicago police are thinking of sending a similar order to Al Capone.—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

For the Unemployed.—MISTRESS—"I don't like to have to keep complaining, Mary, but I do wish you would realize that when master leaves his shoes outside the bedroom door it means that he wants them cleaned."

MAID—"Oh, does it? And what does it mean when he leaves them outside the front door?"—*Aberdeen Express.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Indoor Parking Space.—Adjacent the library is another completely equipped lovatory.—*Washington Post.*

Findin's Keepin's.—LOST—Gentleman's small nurse, $26 cash and diamond ring.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Might Try a Jimmy.—How to remove warts, musical instruments, anything of value.—*Ad in a California magazine.*

New Endurance Stunt.—She burst into tears and collapsed on the counsel table where she had sat ever since the trial opened, January 13.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Probably Marry Oftener.—
MORE MEN FOUND WEDDED
THAN WOMEN
—*Washington Star.*

Blowing Hot and Cold.—
LEWIS WINS AND
LOSES UNION SUIT
—*San Antonio Express.*

Strum the Banjo with the Ax.—The play which shook Chicago with slaughter at the Cort theater in 1921 loses none of its merry flavor.—*Sioux Falls Argus-Leader.*

Lathering a Sea Lion.—
Cleansed in Bellowing Suds of White Soap
and Rain Soft Water
—*Legend on a Columbus (Ohio) laundry wrapper.*

How Many Legs Have You?—
MADE TO MEASURE SUIT
$27.50
EXTRA PANT FREE
—*Ad in a Manitou (Man.) paper.*

Popular Tonic.—
AMORAL IMPROVES AFTER
BEING HIT BY PASSING
CAR
—*Santa Rosa (Calif.) Republican.*

Balm in Gilead.—One hundred are expected to attend the affair for the forty persons who have become afflicted with the congregation since the arrival of Rev. J. A. W—— as pastor.—*Sioux Falls Argus-Leader.*

How to Make Hard Times Soft.—Office in the ground floor of the Dakota National Bank Building. During the spring and simmer months I will be at the Golf Course most of the time. Any one wanting insurance please call at the office or phone my residence in the evenings. Should you not find me on the Golf Course or at home in the evening I will be out playing bridge or at the basket-ball game. When my office is locked please leave orders at the barber shop next door.—*Ad in the Yankton Press and Dakotan.*

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